

BALTIMORE

CHAPEL OF BONES



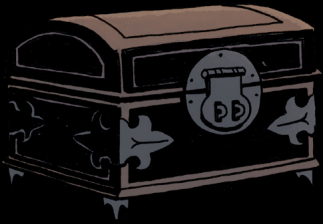
MIKE
MIGNOLA

CHRISTOPHER
GOLDEN

BEN
STENBECK

DAVE
STEWART

*With an
introduction by
Stephen R. Bissette*



Lord Baltimore, the world's greatest monster hunter, wages war against an evil witch who is in league with a clan of the undead, a plague of vampires intent on resurrecting a demonic god, and, in a fateful final showdown in London, his mortal nemesis!

BALTIMORE

Chapel of Bones





BALTIMORETM

CHAPEL OF BONES

VOLUME FOUR

Story by

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CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN**

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Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**



DARK HORSE BOOKS

For Hans Christian Andersen—Heart and Soul.

—Mike Mignola

*In memory of Bob Booth, who loved stories more purely
than anyone else I've known. He understood.*

—Christopher Golden

For Geof Darrow.

—Ben Stenbeck

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This volume collects *Baltimore: The Infernal Train* #1–#3 and
Baltimore: Chapel of Bones #1–#2, published by Dark Horse Comics.

“It’s a day for remembering things best forgotten.”

—Thomas Childress Jr. in *Baltimore*; or,
The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire (2007)



IT BEGINS HERE; IT ENDS HERE. With this volume, Captain Henry Baltimore resolves (for a second time) his quest to avenge his personal loss while confronting the plague of vampirism sweeping the Continent at its source, the bloodsucker Haigus. How that resolution plays out, I leave to you to discover in the pages that follow.

That’s as much of a spoiler as you’ll get from me; this I vow.

Like all contemporary vampire tales, *Baltimore* owes a primary debt to Bram Stoker’s *Dracula* (1897). The structure of Mike Mignola and Christopher Golden’s original novel (published in 2007) blended Stoker’s epistolary narrative—various first-person and newspaper accounts of disparate events strung together into a whole—with the Chowder Society of Peter Straub’s *Ghost Story* (1979)—into a collective of apparently disassociated, unrelated supernatural tales that culminate in a catastrophic finale. The *Baltimore* novel’s central cast are here relegated to supporting roles: Dr. Lemuel Rose, Thomas Childress Jr., and Demetrius Aischros. There is much of Stoker and Straub in their characterizations (of Stoker above all, echoing *Dracula*’s Dr. John Seward, Quincey Morris, and Arthur Holmwood). And, yes, Captain Baltimore himself is a clear echo of Professor Abraham Van Helsing, the first of all obsessed vampire hunters. By backdating

Baltimore’s suck-stalker saga to the First World War and its wake, Mignola and Golden conceptually place him in the first generation of Van Helsing’s successors.

The pitch-black heart of *Baltimore* is the conceit of vampirism as contagion, synonymous with a plague, herein named the Red Death (handily referencing Edgar Allan Poe, who makes a guest star appearance; more on that in a bit). This (invented) Red Death pandemic is contemporary to the early twentieth century’s smallpox epidemics, siring villages of Renfields. But there are all kinds of epidemics: Stoker, after all, succumbed to tertiary syphilis, according to some biographers. Why not invent new ones? Vampirism as contagion was an undercurrent of Stoker’s novel (where vampirism and plague were implicitly linked, crossing the Channel into the heart of England), but as long as aristocratic counts *personified* the contagion, extending only as far as their individual appetites, the disease was contained. It took the cinema to manifest the metaphor in more concrete terms, via F. W. Murnau and Henrik Galeen’s illegal adaptation *Nosferatu: Eine Symphonie des Grauens* (1922), and the viral metaphor was more emphatically showcased in Werner Herzog’s 1979 remake. Stoker placed rats among *Dracula*’s familiars; Galeen and Murnau had their taloned, rodent-faced Count Orlok (Max Schreck) moving with swarms of

rats, toothy harbingers of one another, coffins their crop as they nested to breed and feed.

For my generation, it was Richard Matheson's novel *I Am Legend* (1954) that popularized vampirism as an apocalyptic infection. In Matheson's wake came a dour international-coproduction adaptation of his novel, *L'ultimo uomo della Terra* (*The Last Man on Earth*, 1964), Mexican vampire movies like *El mundo de los vampiros* (*The World of the Vampires*, 1961), and especially Roman Polanski and Gérard Brach's *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (1967), all codifying vampirism as blight as a new genre norm. I can still hear the final narration of Polanski and Brach's masterpiece in my head, almost half a century later: "*That night, fleeing from Transylvania, Professor Abronsius never guessed that he was carrying away with him the very evil he had sought to destroy. Thanks to him, this evil would now be able to spread itself across the world . . .*"

It has spread ever since, a pox central to much in our pop culture. Vampirism as disease spawned zombies as disease, via George Romero and John Russo's low-budget revamp of *I Am Legend* into *Night of the Living Dead* just a year after Professor Abronsius unleashed the contagion of vampirism. In *Baltimore*, the novel and the comic series, Mike Mignola and Chris Golden and their artistic partners Ben Stenbeck and Dave Stewart have synthesized both vampirism and disease (and oh, so much more) into their own revisionist World War I scenario. For Mignola, Golden, and Stenbeck, European villages and ports are populated by zombie-like plague victims, gray-skinned and dead-eyed cues or familiars for a plague of vampirism awakened by their singular hero in the bloody trenches of the Great War. The vampires themselves are foul, sentient leeches, loathsome humanoid vermin malingering in shadows.

Kim Newman wrote eloquently about the Great War and the genre roots of *Baltimore* in his fine introduction to the previous volume, *A Passing Stranger and Other Stories* (2013). Let us go deeper . . .

More than the novel, *Baltimore* the comics series is a European western, with Captain Baltimore an ingenious fusion of pirate, smuggler, highwayman, and bounty killer. In all these genres, surly locals fester about the pub, the inn, or the saloon while strangers wait for the arrival of a missing character. In this very installment of *Baltimore*, the witching hour (and a mad artist's garret) supplants *High Noon* (oops, second spoiler—my bad).

With his false leg (in the novel it bristles with nail heads, one for each vampire extinguished) and seaworthy, self-contained armory, Baltimore is as much Sabata as Ahab, with a bit of Russell Thorndike's Reverend Doctor Syn (a.k.a. Captain Clegg) in the mix. And oh, that leg—"a curious appendage," Captain Baltimore's friend Aischros notes in the novel. "*Not some sea-dog's peg, but a hinged, jointed limb carved from the finest wood.*" If the wooden-legged captain had a theme song, it would be more Ennio Morricone than *Have Gun—Will Travel*. Captain Baltimore echoes Captain Ahab of Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick*, yes, along with Sterling Hayden's harpoon-wielding sheriff in 1958's *Terror in a Texas Town* (who was as much a "novelty character" in his genre and day as Mignola and Golden's harpoon-tossing hero) and Brian Clemens's delicious Hammer Films swashbuckler in *Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter* (1974). Buffy, mind your elders.

Melville's Ahab is consciously referenced in *Baltimore* in numerous ways, but the whole of *Baltimore*—the novel and the comics that followed—refutes Melville's own stance on Calvinism and Christian hellfire and brimstone. "*The hairs of our heads are numbered, and the days of our lives,*" Melville wrote in his short story "The Lightning-Rod Man" (1854). "*In thunder as in sunshine, I stand at ease in the hands of my God. False negotiator, away! See, the scroll of the storm is rolled back; the house is unharmed; and in the blue heavens I read in the rainbow that the Deity will not, of purpose, make war on man's earth.*"

Such is not the case with *Baltimore*, I assure you. As in most post-Stoker vampire sagas,

Christian symbols—the crucifix, Holy Water, churches—are lethal tools. However often he may rage (Ahab-like) at God and God’s role for himself as God’s avenger, Captain Baltimore embodies *and* interrogates rigid moral ideals. Mike recently answered a devoted fan who referred to Baltimore as an amoral character; Mike disagreed, saying he “never thought of Baltimore as ‘amoral,’ ” and that speaks volumes.

Mignola cites the 1970s Marvel monster comics as favorites of his own formative reading years (*Tomb of Dracula*, Mike Ploog’s issues of *Werewolf by Night* and *The Monster of Frankenstein*, and the Jack Kirby/Stan Lee/Steve Ditko monster-reprint titles like *Where Monsters Dwell*). Like those series, the *Baltimore* comic hits the key genre notes within its cartography of the damned. Some of these horror touchstones date back to the Universal horror films Joe Lansdale mentions in his introduction to the second volume in this series; others do not. After all, Mike and Chris (and I) grew up with very different terror totems. For every venerable nineteenth and early twentieth century genre archetype, there are those from later, tougher, post-JFK assassination fare: here a surrogate Erik, the Phantom of the Opera (*The Play*), there a Witchfinder General (Judge Duvic of the New Inquisition), an eruption of Ray Harryhausen or Guy N. Smith-inspired outsized crustaceans (*Dr. Leskovar’s Remedy*), followed by a nasty bit of nunsplotation (*The Curse Bells*) as redolent of Matthew Gregory Lewis’s *The Monk* (1796) as it is of Aldous Huxley and Ken Russell’s soul-searing *The Devils* (1971). If we bring Mike and Chris’s original *Baltimore* novel into consideration—as we must, since this chapter of the *Baltimore* comics saga re-creates the final chapters of that seminal book (oops, was that another spoiler?)—there are more references than we have room to detail here. Savor them, from evocations of H. P. Lovecraft’s “Pickman’s Model” to Mario Bava’s wispy, flitting, swarming blood-suckers in *Hercules in the Haunted World* (*Ercole*

al centro della Terra, 1961), to the monstrous lake dweller El Cuero, recalling countless pulp magazine blobs (see Anthony M. Rud’s “Ooze,” Joseph Payne Brennan’s “Slime,” etc.), the amoeba-like Mayan “god” of Riccardo Freda and Mario Bava’s *Caltiki, the Immortal Monster* (1959), and the all-devouring whatsit feeding on teenagers lazing on a Maine pond in Stephen King’s “The Raft” (1982). Mike and Chris aren’t merely cribbing: these are primal elements, distilled into new forms, the wing of bat and eye of newt for these fresh brews.

That’s how horror works. The genre is rich in ways both conscious and unconscious. Neither Mike nor Chris has seen either version of Abel Gance’s antiwar *J’accuse* (1919 and 1938), yet both movies ring as loudly as the curse bells over the whole of the *Baltimore* battlefields. “*Wherever the darkness touched, the soldiers began to rise from muddy trenches where they had been left to rot,*” Mike and Chris wrote in the novel *Baltimore*; “*Graves split open and cadavers crawled free.*” This passage describes the climactic imagery of both versions of Gance’s *J’accuse* (in the first, a mad soldier-poet’s vision; in the remake, a real march of the war dead conjured by a desperate, infuriated WWI veteran-scientist-inventor). For his first *J’accuse*, Gance cast soldiers on leave from the WWI trenches; many marched off to die after appearing before Gance’s camera and were long dead before their cinematic images kissed movie screens around the world. This was a haunting real-and-reel-world form of resurrection, undeath, and vampirism. Gance knew it and was greatly troubled by it, folding his emotions profoundly into the narrative of his harrowing, heartfelt 1937 remake, wherein the dead of WWI march on the living to try to stop, in vain, what soon would become World War II.

We all know how that turned out, don’t we?

In this, we must note that the whole of *Baltimore* reflects the genuine time of war in which Mike and Chris and Ben have been working. The post-9/11 Afghanistan and Iraq

Wars, inquisitions, and economic implosions are the real-world backdrop, and the apparent plague of apathy that brands the decade-plus in which military families have given everything (a mere 0.7 percent of the population serve), while most Americans have sacrificed little or nothing. I'll leave it to future scholars to tread those thematic minefields after the fog of war has passed, if ever it will.

This volume would seem to wrap up the *Baltimore* saga, but only Mike, Chris, Ben, editor Scott Allie, and their coconspirators in the vampire malignancy know for sure. Even if I could tell you, I wouldn't.

I should quote a smattering of Poe here, but Bluto (John Belushi) in *Animal House* (1978) said it best: "*It ain't over until we say it's over!*"

But I will say this:

I bring your attention to the quote that opens this introduction, about "things best forgotten." The only thing missing from an ideal volume of *The Compleat Baltimore*, for me, remains the guest appearances from H. H. Munro (Hector Hugh Munro, a.k.a. Saki), William Hope Hodgson, and Abel Gance.

Yes, yes, Mike and Chris have given us Poe's head as a character, and grievously maligned Russian occultist Елена Петровна Блаватская (Helena Petrovna Blavatsky) as well. Thus do one century's visionaries become the next century's hell spawn. A mutual hero of ours—the late, great Ray Harryhausen—found Blavatsky to be an intriguing historical figure, and no doubt Ray would *not* have approved of her demonization as a resurrected malign presence. Alas, less than two decades after her death (in *Baltimore*'s narrative chronology), Mike, Chris, and Ben depict Blavatsky being conjured forth from the beyond as a wizened, dwarfish, power-hungry blood sponge. So much for Theosophy in the *Baltimore* universe; could the slander of Theosophy cofounders Henry Steel Olcott and William Quan Judge be far behind?

But Poe's and Madame Blavatsky's appearances only beg the obvious.

Hopefully, you can see the grand and glorious potential of weaving Abel Gance's filming of *J'accuse* into a *Baltimore* segment. After all, the seed is already planted (see page 22 of *Baltimore: The Plague Ships*). Make your move, kind sirs; I will happily arrange for you to see the film(s) for yourself, if you doubt the potential.

Baltimore: The Plague Ships already owes so much to William Hope Hodgson's fiction, including its titular infection (initially coming across as a continental inflation of the fungal horrors of Hodgson's "The Voice in the Night" or *The Boats of the "Glen Carrig"*); why not a glimpse of his death at Ypres in April 1918? Reportedly it was an artillery shell that took Hodgson out, but who's to say it wasn't *something else*—or that *worse* happened in the wake of his demise? The newspaper accounts of that spring were notoriously vague.

A gay Tory like Saki could add some spice to the *Baltimore* brew as a character, but it's the last words ascribed to him while in the WWI trenches—"Put that bloody cigarette out!"—that I scoured the *Baltimore* panels for, in vain.

Is it too much to ask?

Really, just one word balloon—and three images: a crack of German sniper fire, a puff of smoke, a splatter of something dark in the mud.

C'mon, Mike and Chris and Ben. Get on it.

I will have satisfaction, gentlemen.

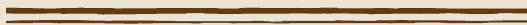
Stephen R. Bissette

Mountains of Madness, Vermont

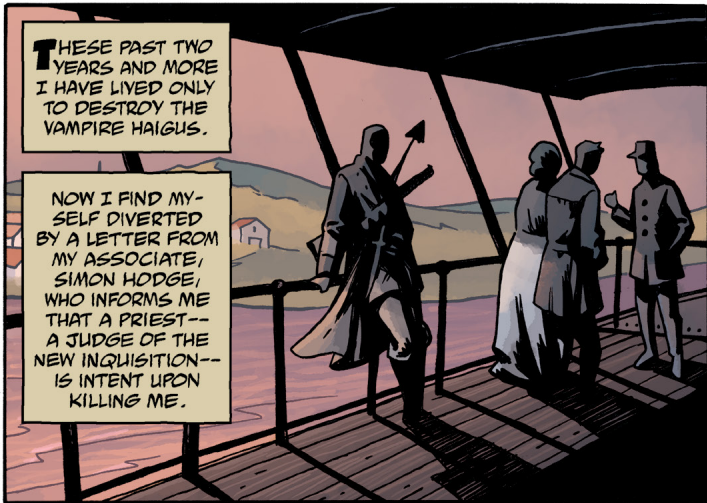
The final day of the Year of Our Lord AD 2013

THE INFERNAL TRAIN

Chapter One





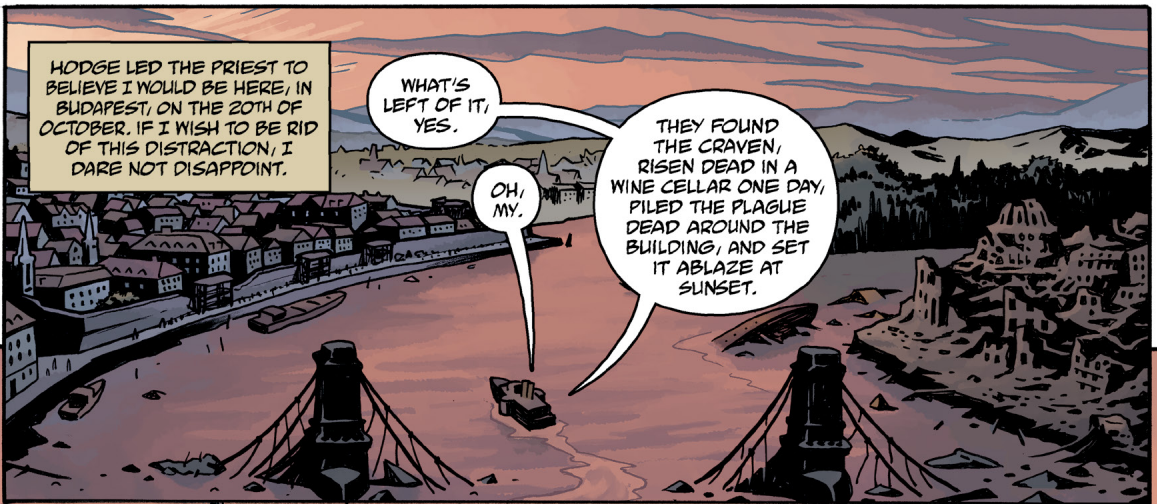


THESE PAST TWO YEARS AND MORE I HAVE LIVED ONLY TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE HAIGUS.

NOW I FIND MYSELF DIVERTED BY A LETTER FROM MY ASSOCIATE, SIMON HODGE, WHO INFORMS ME THAT A PRIEST-- A JUDGE OF THE NEW INQUISITION-- IS INTENT UPON KILLING ME.



IS IT TRUE, THEN? IS BUDAPEST REALLY THE SANCTUARY FROM THE PLAGUE THAT WE'VE HEARD...?

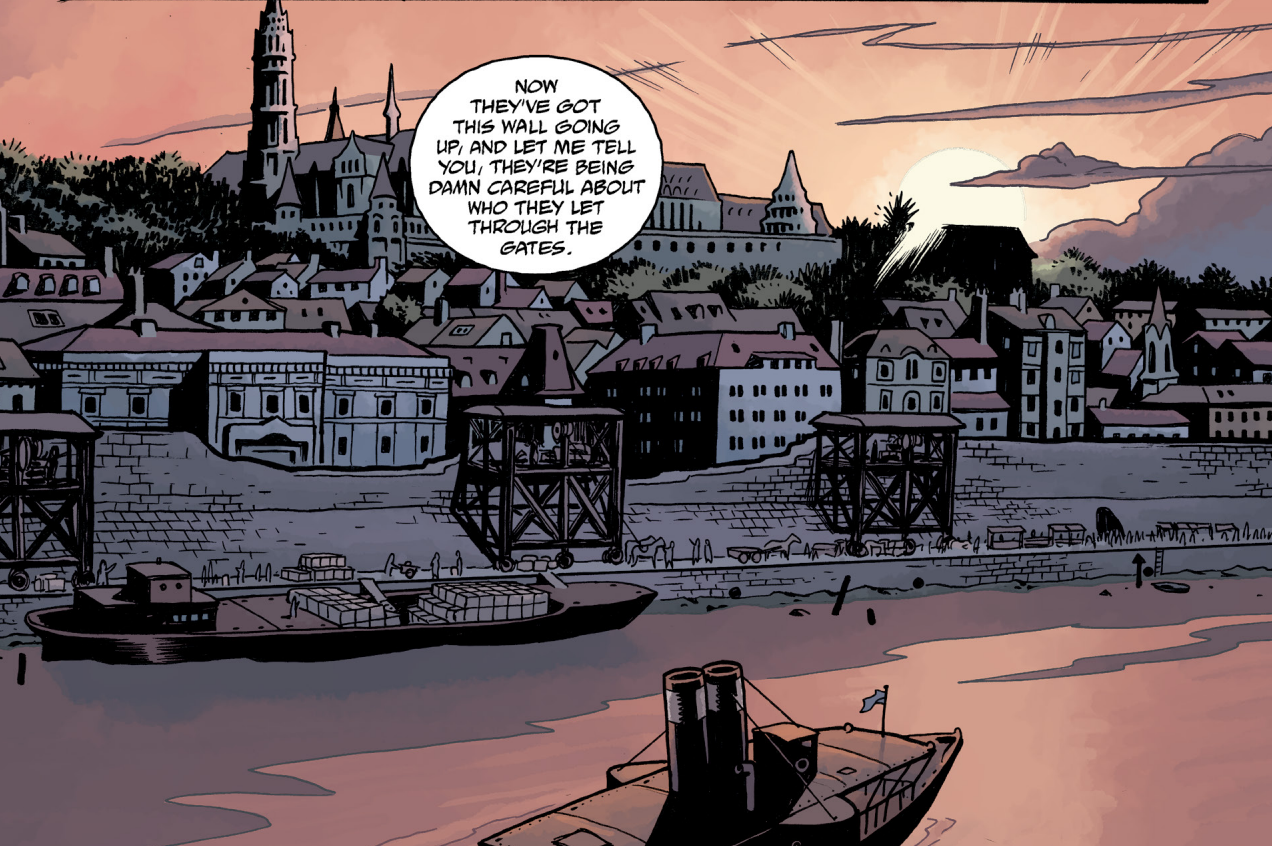


HODGE LED THE PRIEST TO BELIEVE I WOULD BE HERE, IN BUDAPEST, ON THE 20TH OF OCTOBER. IF I WISH TO BE RID OF THIS DISTRACTION, I DARE NOT DISAPPOINT.

WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, YES.

OH, MY.

THEY FOUND THE CRAVEN, RISEN DEAD IN A WINE CELLAR ONE DAY, PILED THE PLAGUE DEAD AROUND THE BUILDING, AND SET IT ABLAZE AT SUNSET.

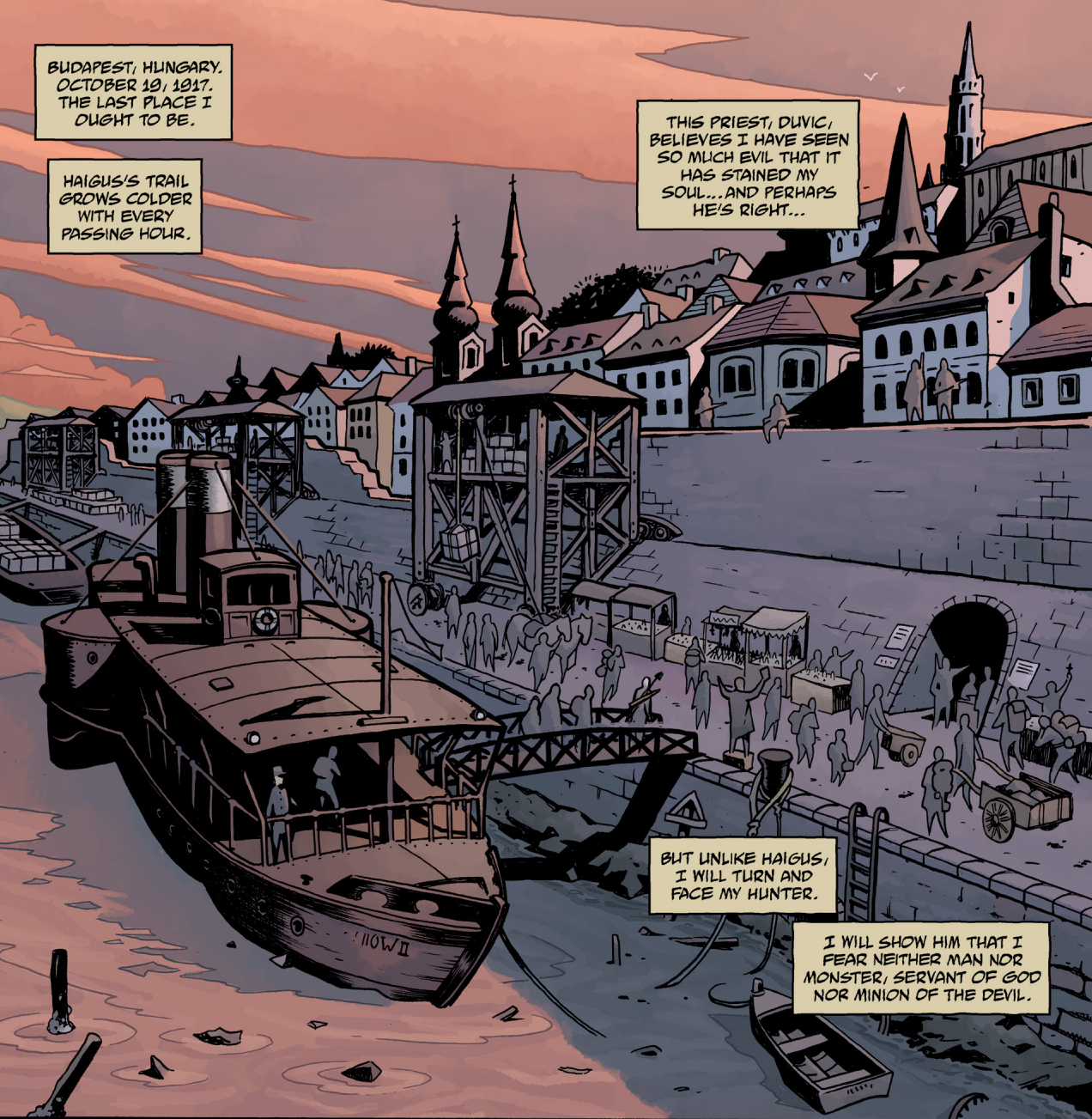


NOW THEY'VE GOT THIS WALL GOING UP, AND LET ME TELL YOU, THEY'RE BEING DAMN CAREFUL ABOUT WHO THEY LET THROUGH THE GATES.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.
OCTOBER 19, 1917.
THE LAST PLACE I
DUGHT TO BE.

HAIGUS'S TRAIL
GROWS COLDER
WITH EVERY
PASSING HOUR.

THIS PRIEST, DUVIC,
BELIEVES I HAVE SEEN
SO MUCH EVIL THAT IT
HAS STAINED MY
SOUL...AND PERHAPS
HE'S RIGHT...



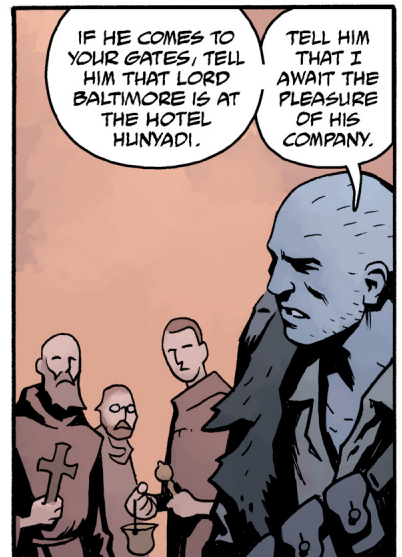
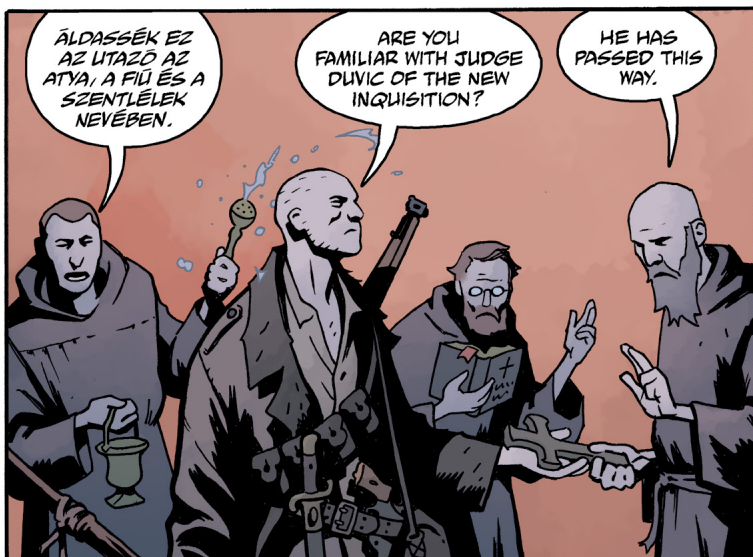
BUT UNLIKE HAIGUS,
I WILL TURN AND
FACE MY HUNTER.

I WILL SHOW HIM THAT I
FEAR NEITHER MAN NOR
MONSTER, SERVANT OF GOD
NOR MINION OF THE DEVIL.

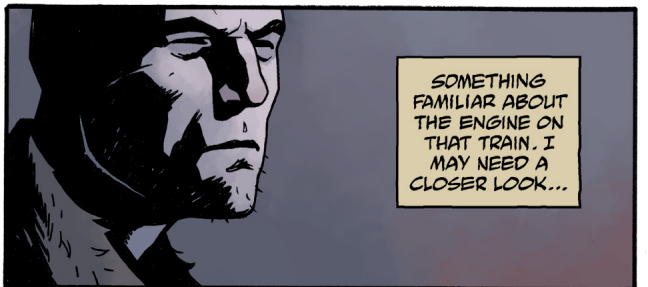
I CANNOT DIE. THE CREATOR HOLDS FAST
THE SKEINS OF MY FATE LIKE A PUPPET'S
STRINGS, AND HE WILL NOT LET ME FALL
UNTIL THE FINAL ACT. UNTIL THE LAST
DROP OF BLOOD IS SHED.

THE BASTARD.









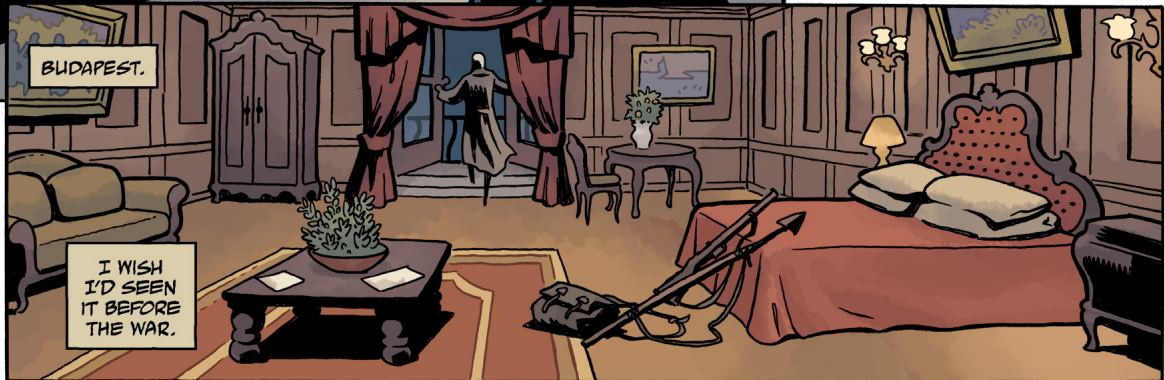


...BUT NOT
UNTIL DUVIC IS
DEALT WITH.



ENJOY
YOUR STAY,
SIR.

I HAVE NO
DOUBT.



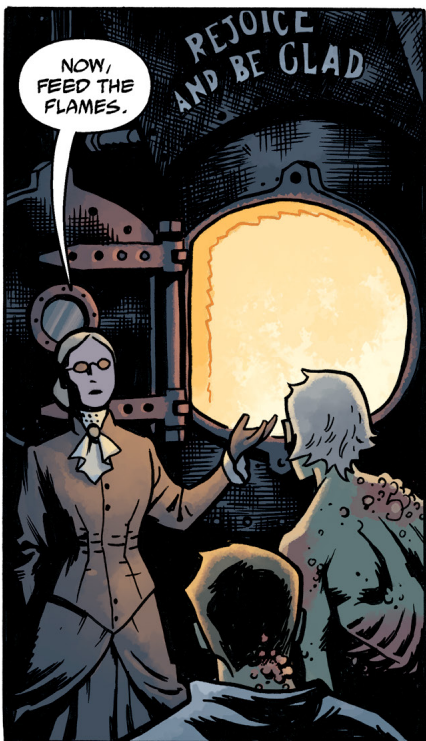
BUDAPEST.

I WISH
I'D SEEN
IT BEFORE
THE WAR.



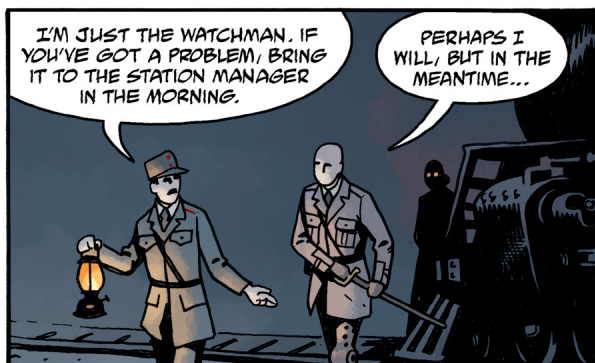
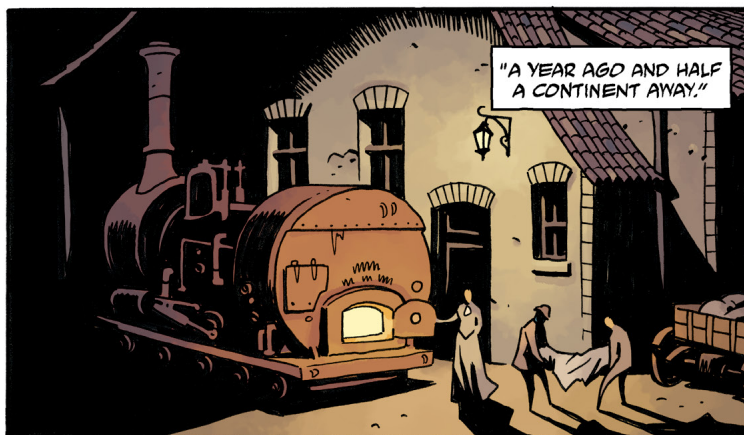
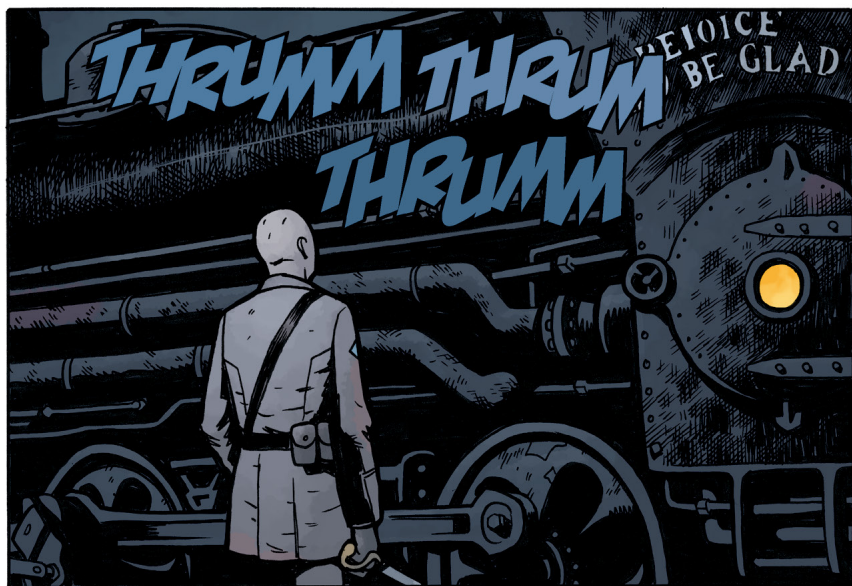
BEFORE
THE PLAGUE.













"...THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDIOUS AT WORK HERE."

MAYOR KARDOS, CHIEF SIMKO, AND GOOD CITIZENS OF BUDAPEST-- THANK YOU FOR COMING. MY NAME IS LUCREZIA FULCANELLI, AND I BRING YOU PURIFICATION.



YOUR EFFORTS TO CLEANSE THE DISEASE FROM YOUR CITY ARE ADMIRABLE, AND MY PATENTED PLAGUE FURNACES WILL AID IN THOSE ENDEAVORS.



"THEY BURN SO HOT THAT THE DEAD ARE REDUCED TO **LESS** THAN ASHES, INCINERATING EVEN MICROSCOPIC PLAGUE GERMS..."

"...ELIMINATING THE RISK OF CONTAGION OR...RETURN."



EVEN NOW, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MAYOR AND YOUR POLICE CHIEF, MY MEN ARE AT WORK.

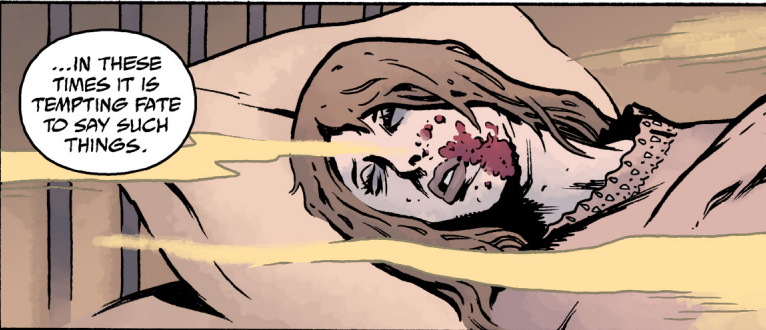
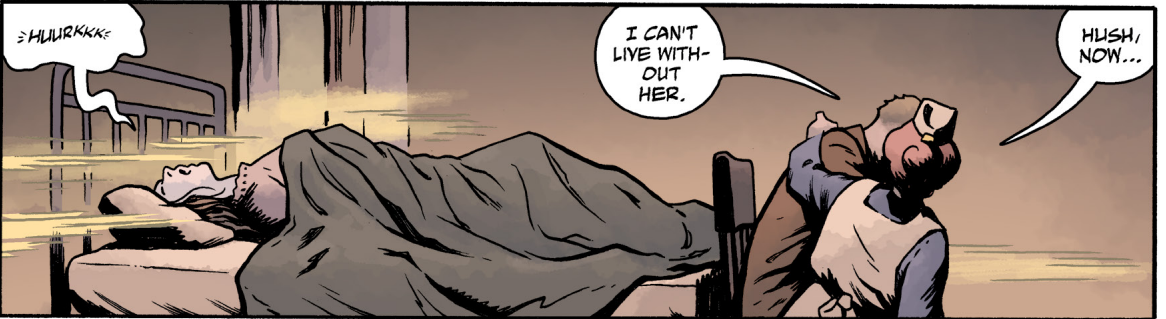
DR. VARGHA HAS SEEN A DEMONSTRATION OF THE PLAGUE FURNACE. WHAT WAS YOUR EVALUATION, DOCTOR?



THAT IT IS A MIRACLE, MISS FULCANELLI. THE GREATEST INVENTION IN AN AGE...



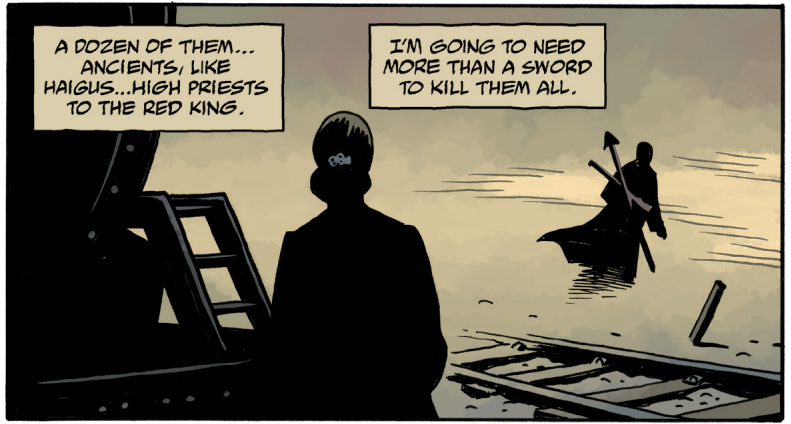


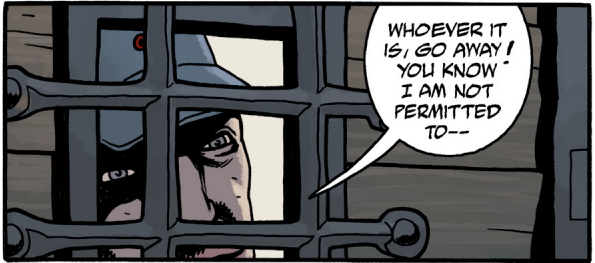
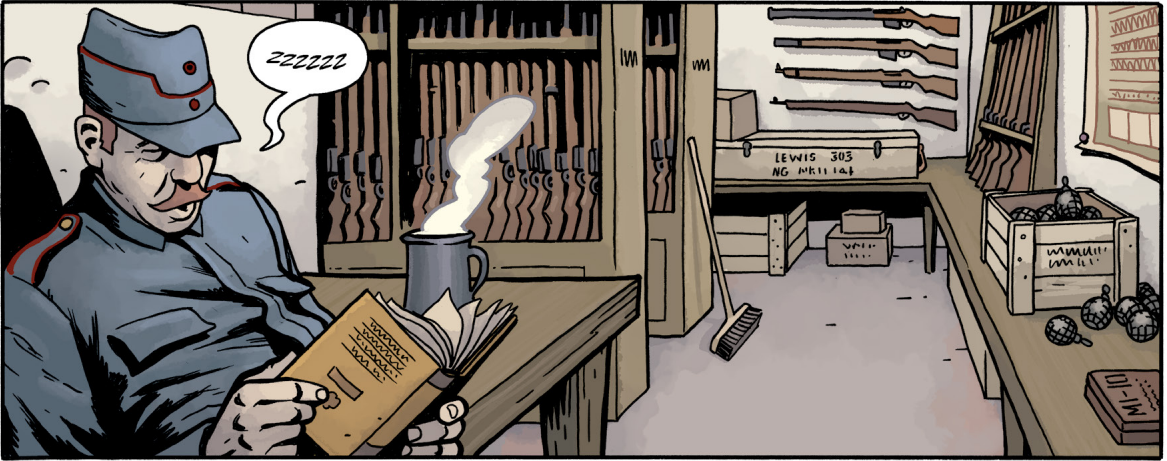














I'LL BE
CHECKING OUT IN
THE MORNING, BUT
I THINK PERHAPS I
OUGHT TO SETTLE
MY ACCOUNT
NOW.



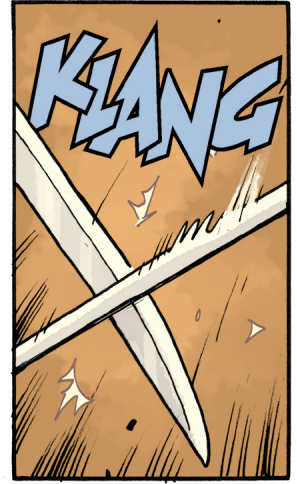
YOU
HAVE A
VISITOR,
SIR.



THE INFERNAL TRAIN

Chapter Two







"MANY SHALL BE **PURIFIED**--BUT THE **WICKED** SHALL DO **WICKEDLY**--AND **NONE** OF THE **WICKED** SHALL UNDERSTAND."

BUT WHICH OF **US** IS THE "WICKED"? THE SOUL-DAMNED HUNTER--OR THE **TORTURER** OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN?



YOU **ADMIT** YOUR SOUL IS DAMNED?



HOW CAN I ENDURE ALL I **HAVE** AND THINK OTHERWISE?!

SUBMIT, THEN--AND LET YOUR TAINTED SPIRIT BE MADE **PURE**!

KLANG

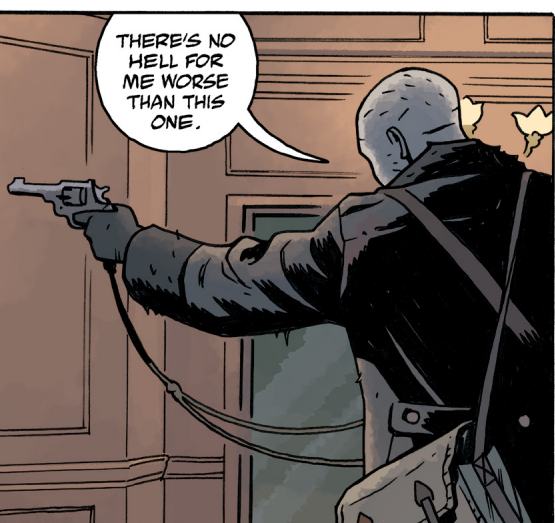


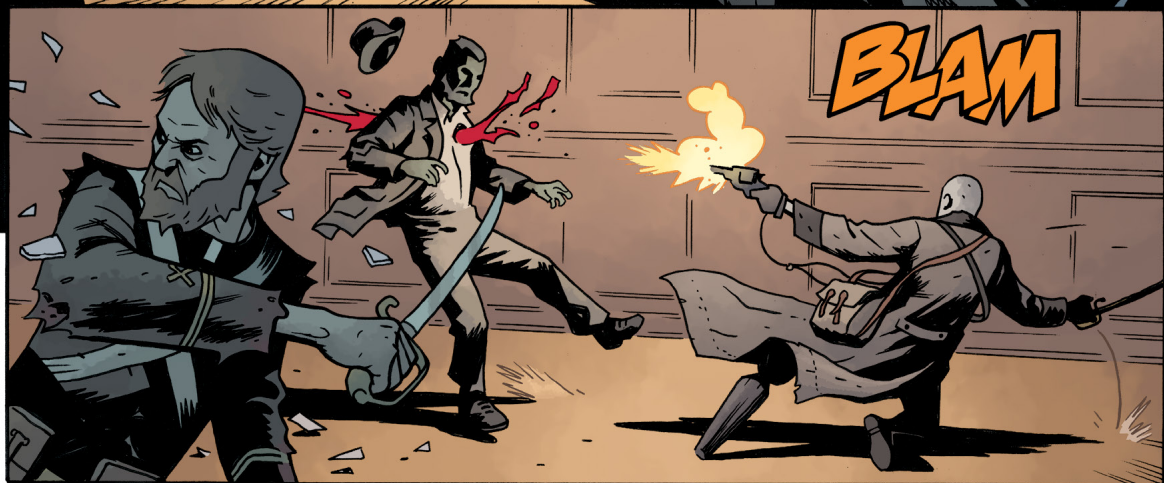
MADE **PURE** BY YOU, PRIEST? I THINK **NOT**!

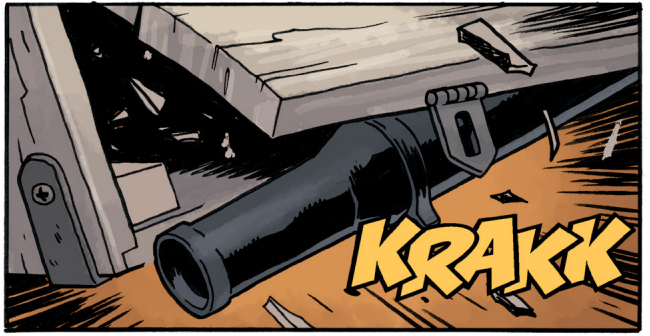


FIGHT, AND **DIE**--AND IF **GOD** HAS NOT ABDICATED HIS THRONE--IF **HE** STILL SITS IN JUDGMENT--WHICH I DOUBT--LET **HIM** DECIDE WHICH OF US IS THE **MONSTER**!

KRAK

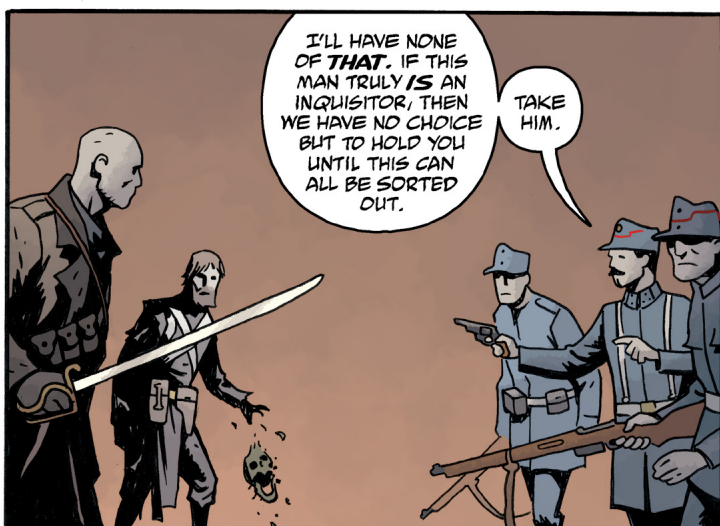


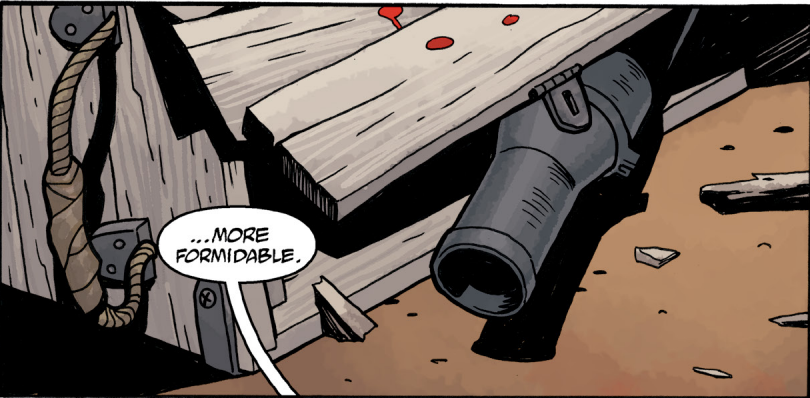
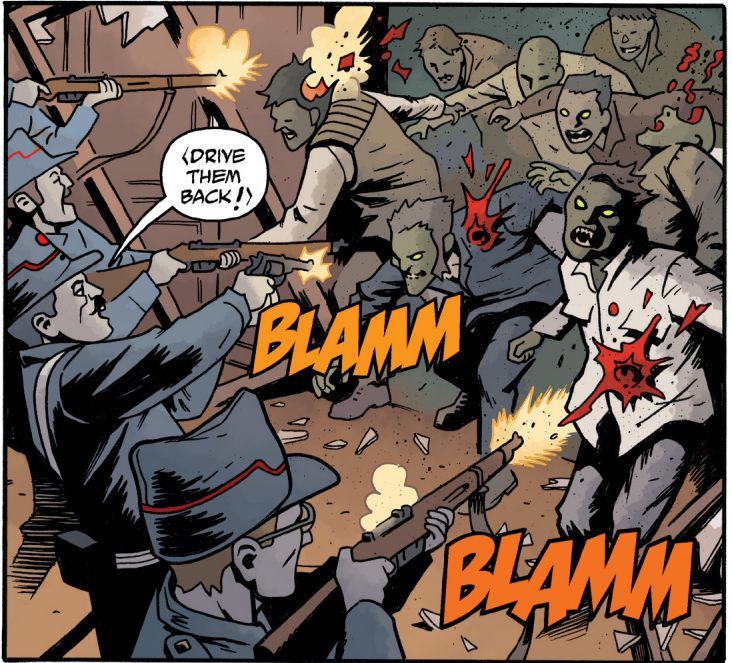


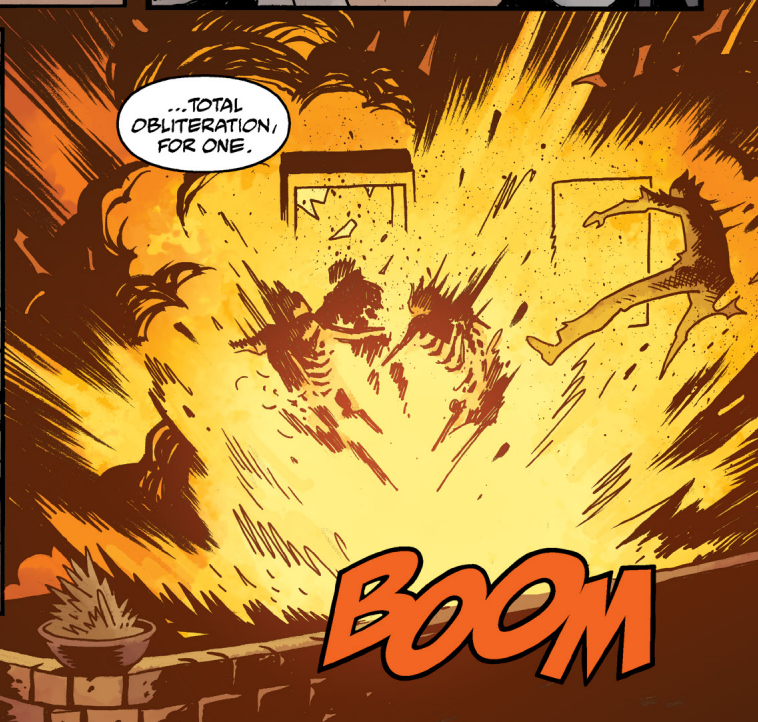


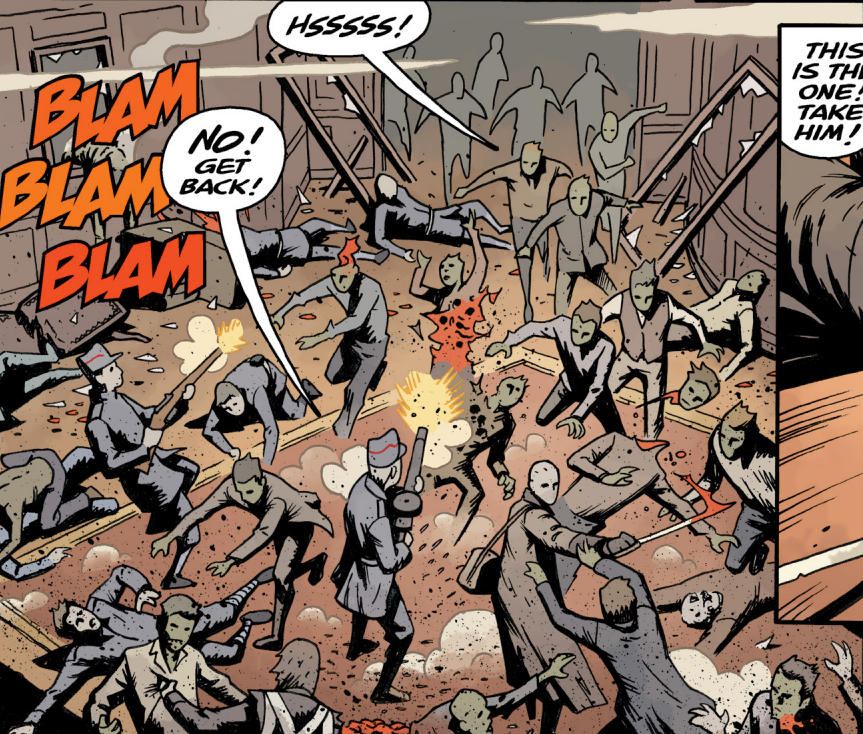


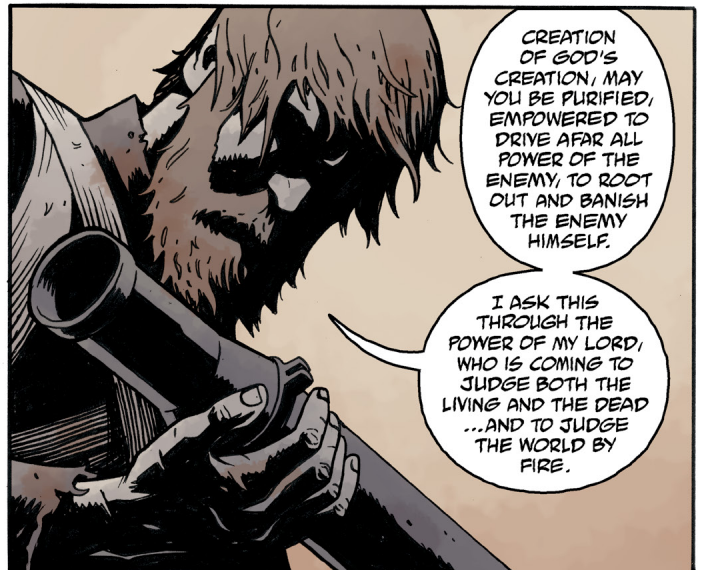
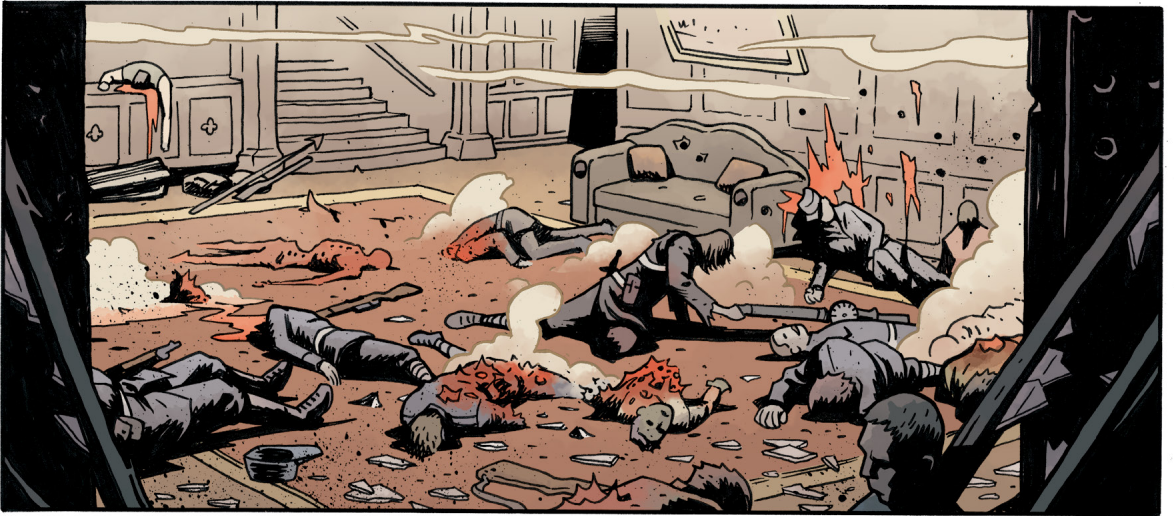






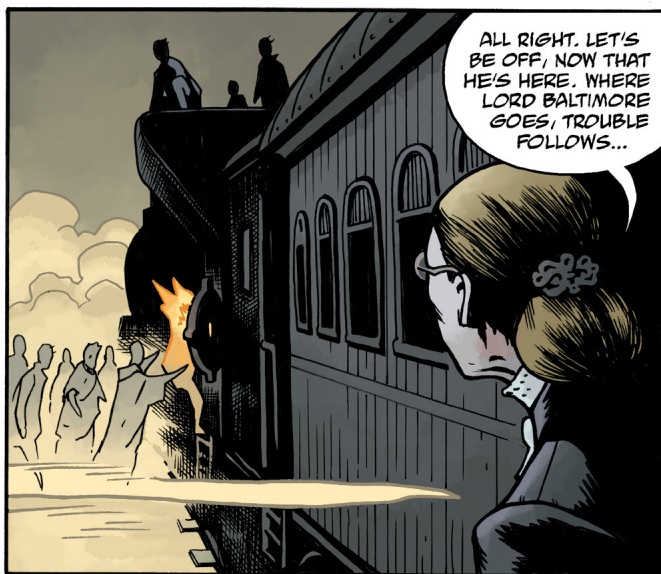














THE HIGH PRIESTS MAKE THE REVENANTS, AND THE PLAGUE SPREADS, AND THE REVENANTS MAKE THESE SIMPLE SERVANTS, THESE VAMPIRES.



"ALL IN THE NAME OF THE RED KING."



"ALL SO THAT ONE DAY... HE WILL WAKE."





"ONE BY ONE,
HIS HIGH
PRIESTS REGAIN
THEIR MEMORIES
OF THE TIME OF
HIS REIGN."

"TOGETHER,
IN THE
APPOINTED
PLACE..."

"...WE
SHALL
WAKE
HIM."



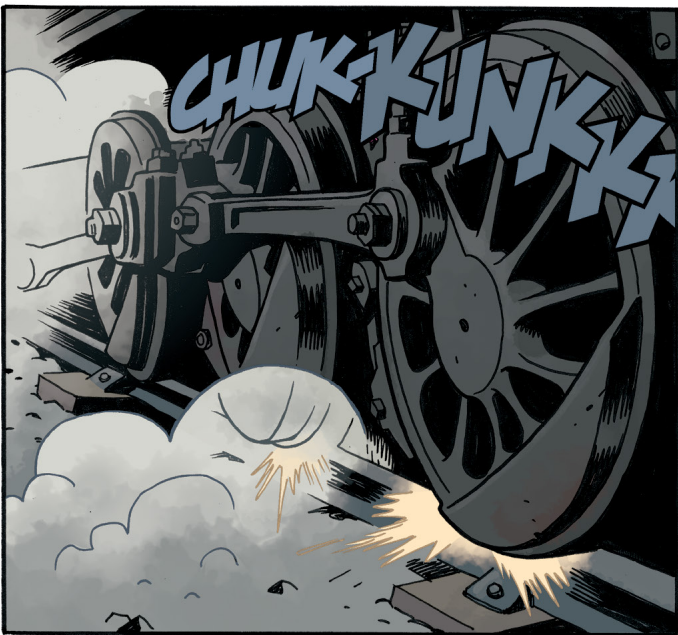
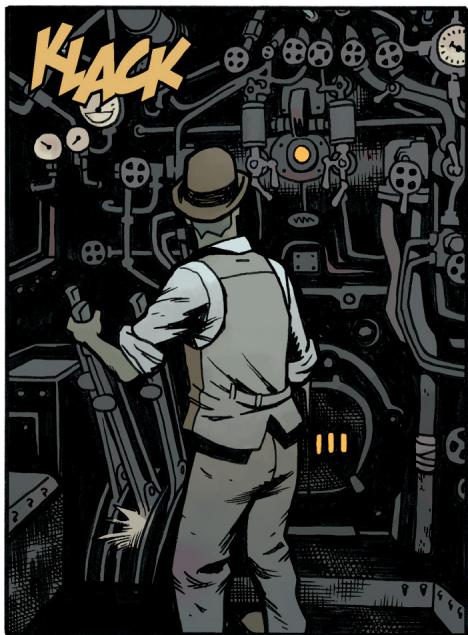
THE ELDEST OF
THEM ALL AWAITS
US THERE, WHERE
ALL OF THE EVIL
I'VE ACCUMULATED
WILL BE UNLEASHED
AS A BEACON
FOR THE RED
KING.



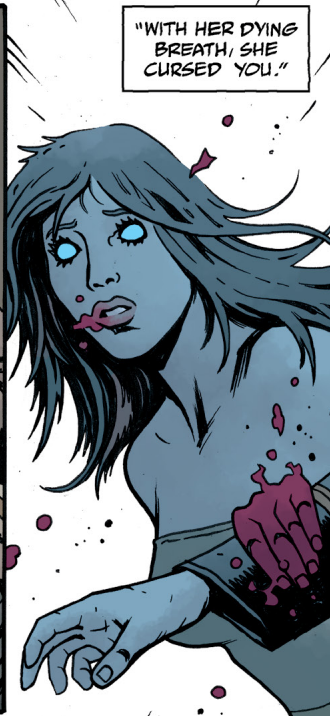
"THE
ELDEST..." IS
IT HAIGUS? ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT--

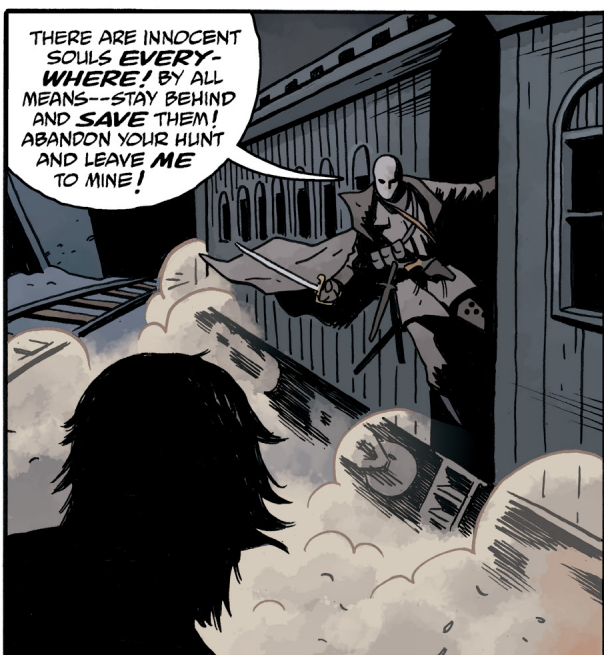
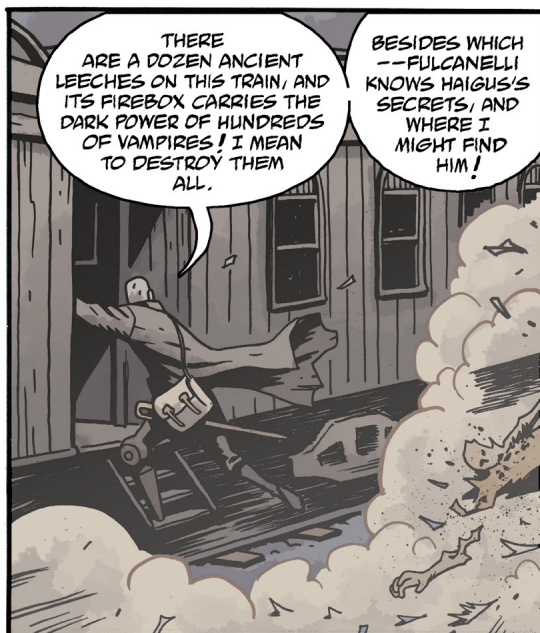


LET'S
GO, THEN!
TIME TO
DEPART!





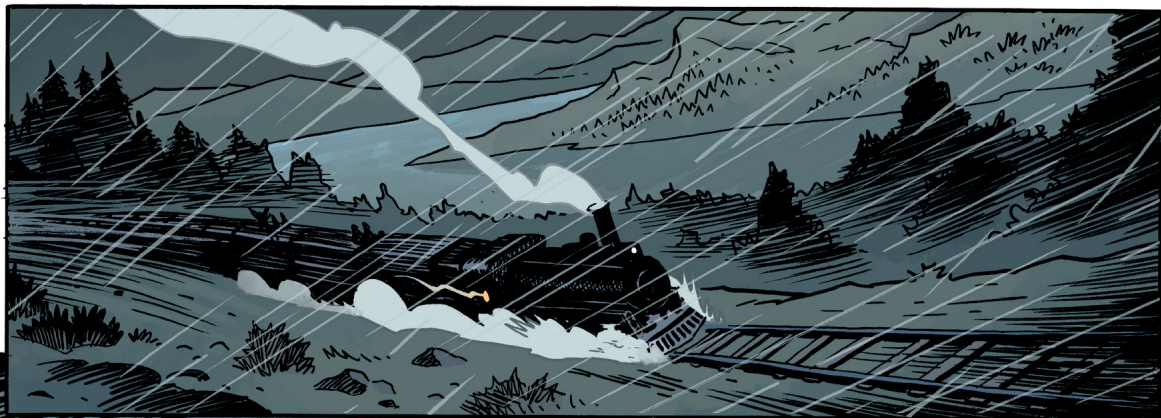




THE INFERNAL TRAIN

Chapter Three















"YOU CALL ME A
WITCH. I AM WHAT
I **MUST** BE.
AFTER ALL..."



"...YOU MAY HAVE
BEEN INSTRUMENTAL
IN THE HIGH PRIESTS'
AWAKENING..."



... BUT YOU CAN'T
BE ALLOWED TO
INTERFERE WITH
WHAT COMES
NEXT.



"WHEN HUMANITY WAS ONLY
IN ITS INFANCY, THE RED
KING BROUGHT HIS HIGH
PRIESTS INTO THIS WORLD
FROM HIS LIMBO REALM.
THEY WORSHIPED HIM..."

"...AND THE
HUMANS FOLLOWED
SUIT. THE MORE WHO
PRAYED TO HIM, THE
MORE POWERFUL HE
BECAME."

"AMONG THE HIGH PRIESTS,
HAIGUS WAS MOST HIGH. AT
FIRST THE EXISTENCE OF
MANKIND PROVIDED LIFE--
BLOODY, SCREAMING LIFE--





"--TO
SACRIFICE
IN THE RED
KING'S NAME.



"BUT MANKIND
PROVED STRONG
AND CLEVER,
AND THEY BREED
QUICKLY.

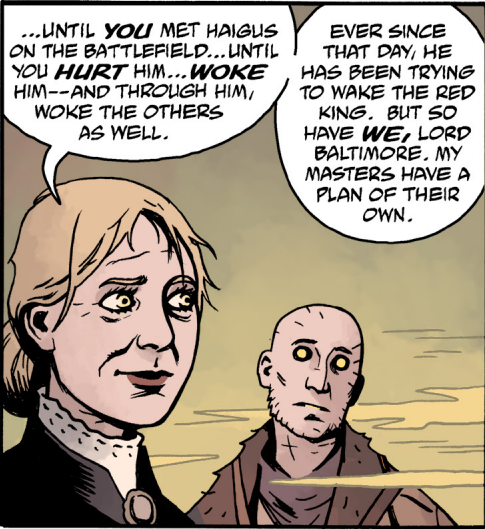


"AS CIVILIZATION SPREAD,
THERE WERE FEWER AND
FEWER WHO WOULD
WORSHIP THE **FATHER**
OF ALL MONSTERS.

"WEAKENED, THE KING
SLIPPED INTO THE SPACE
BETWEEN SPACES AND
FELL INTO A DEEP AND
ABIDING SLUMBER, AND
THE HIGH PRIESTS FELL
INTO HIBERNATION.



"THE BLOOD OF WAR CAUSED
THEM TO STIR, BUT BY THAT
TIME THEY HAD DEVOLVED
INTO SAVAGES THEMSELVES,
NO MORE THAN ANIMALS..."

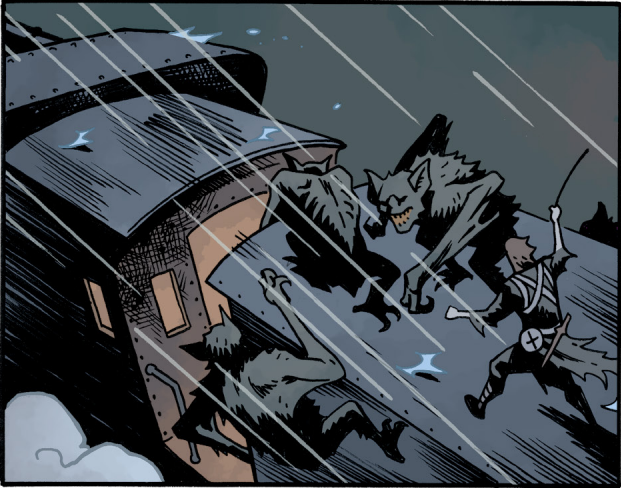


...UNTIL **YOU** MET HAIGUS
ON THE BATTLEFIELD...UNTIL
YOU **HURT** HIM...**WOKE**
HIM--AND THROUGH HIM,
WOKE THE OTHERS
AS WELL.

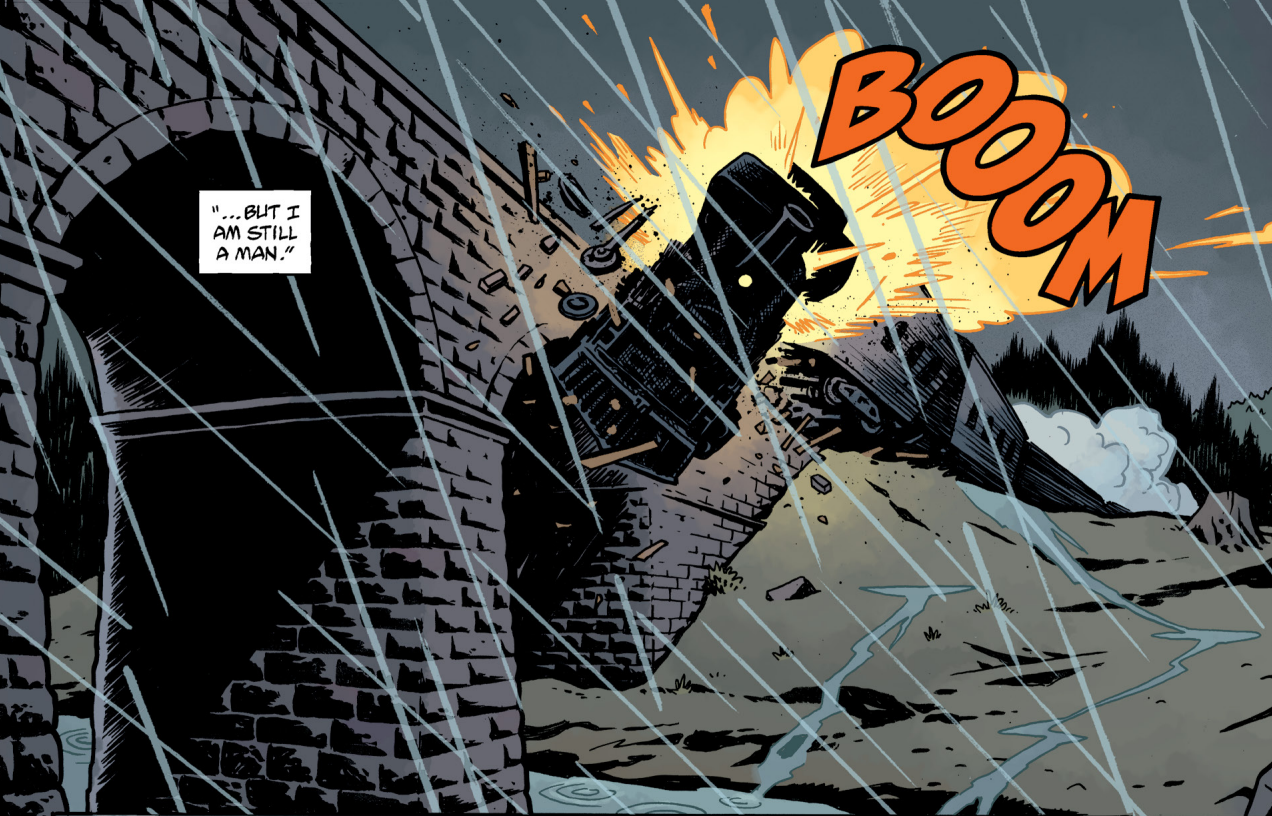
EVER SINCE
THAT DAY, HE
HAS BEEN TRYING
TO WAKE THE RED
KING. BUT SO
HAVE **WE**, LORD
BALTIMORE. MY
MASTERS HAVE A
PLAN OF THEIR
OWN.



I HAVE GATHERED ALL
THIS DARK POWER FOR
THEM, TO CREATE A
BEACON OF EVIL SO
STRONG THAT THE
RED KING **MUST**
WAKE.

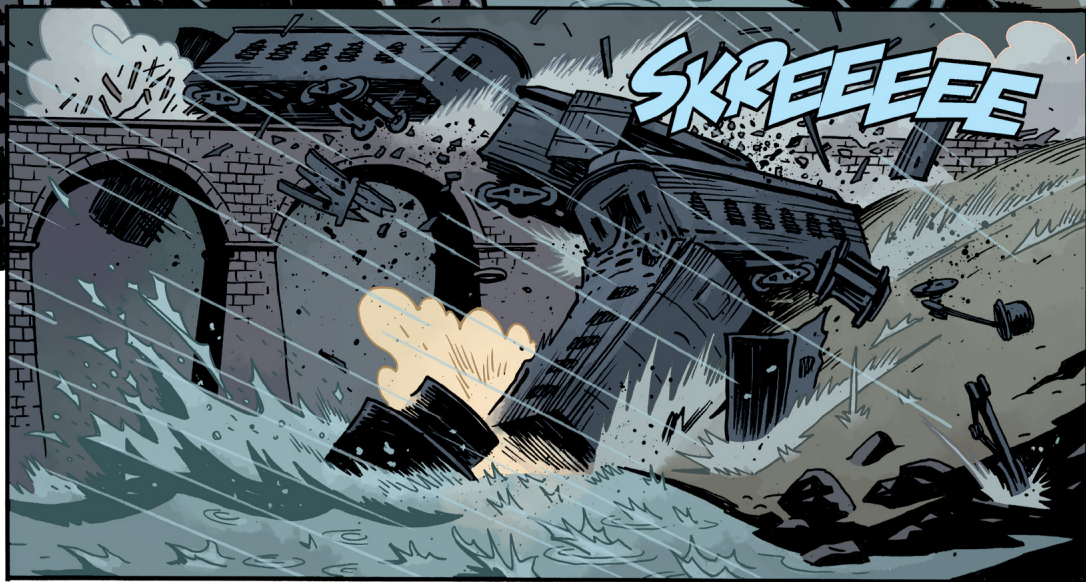




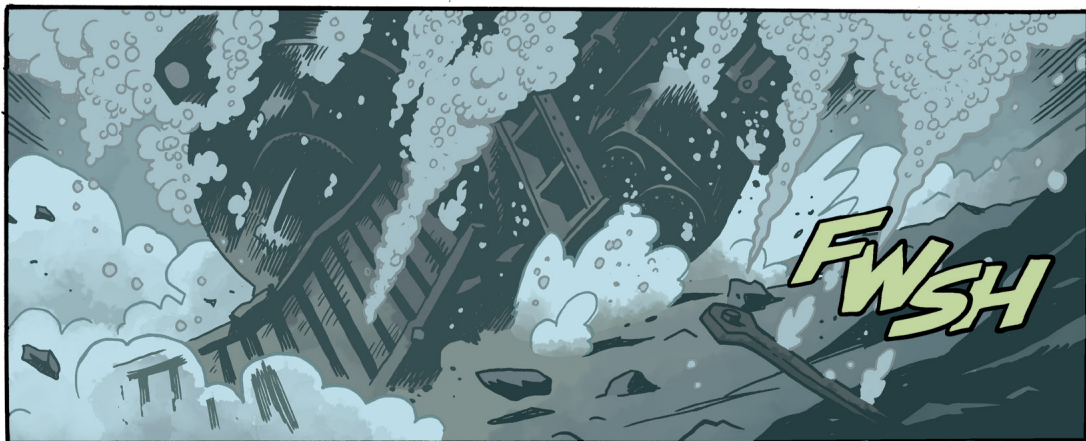


"...BUT I
AM STILL
A MAN."

BOOM

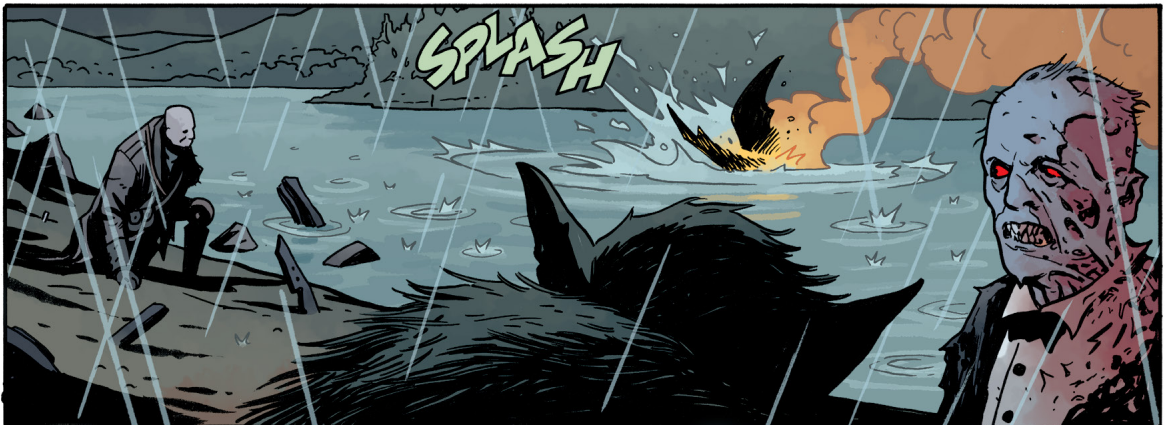
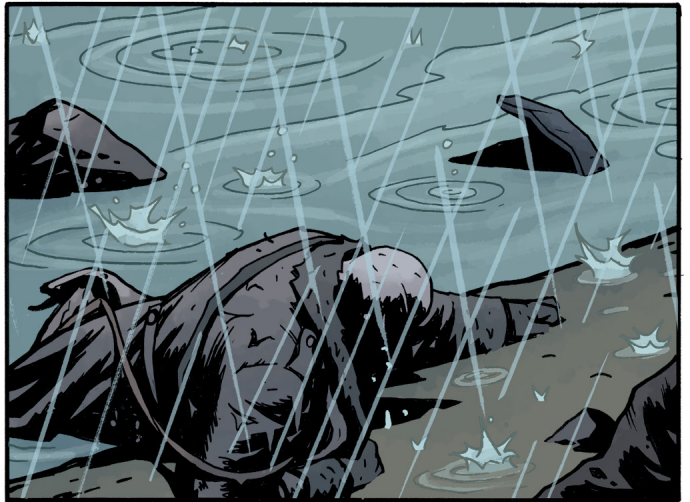
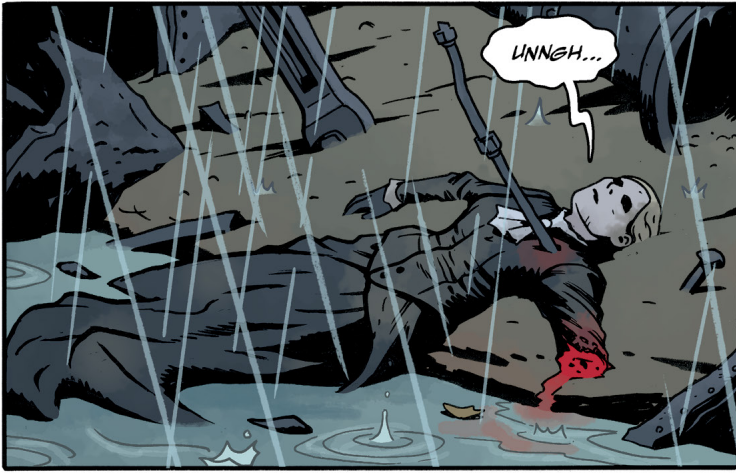


SKREEEEEE



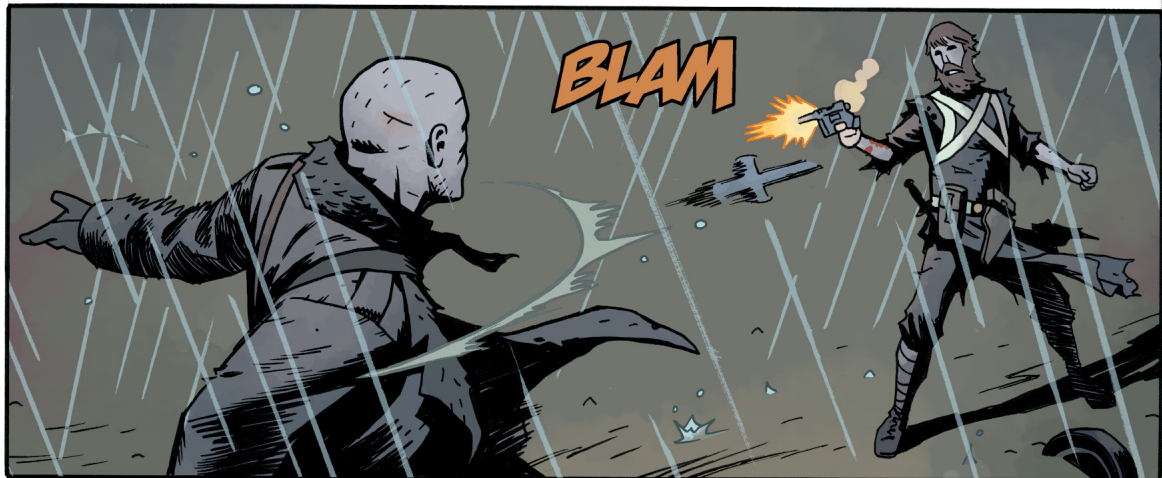
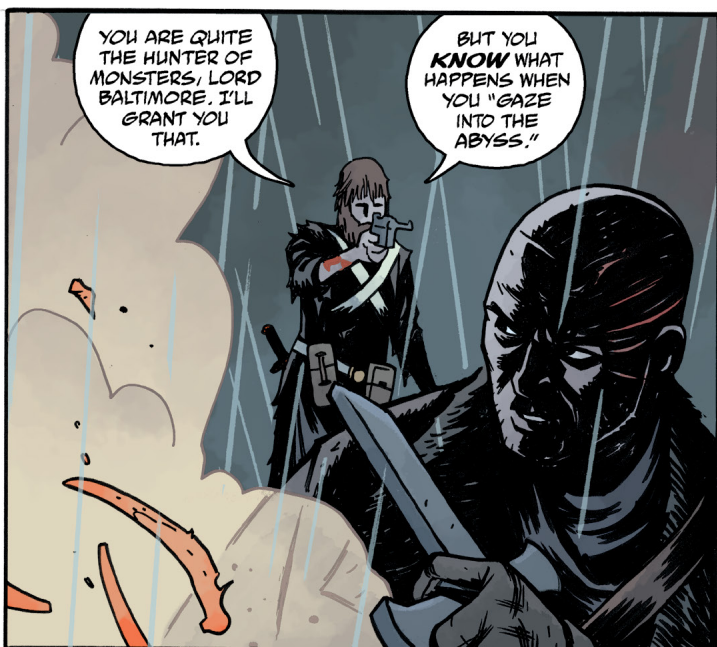
FWSH





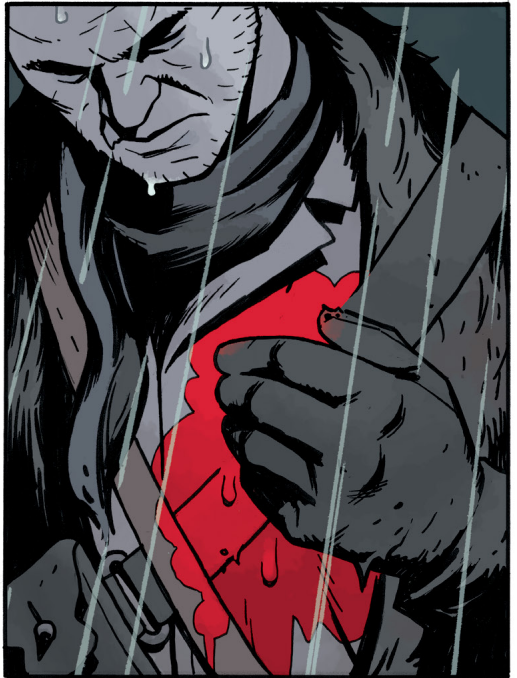
* ROMANS 8:2



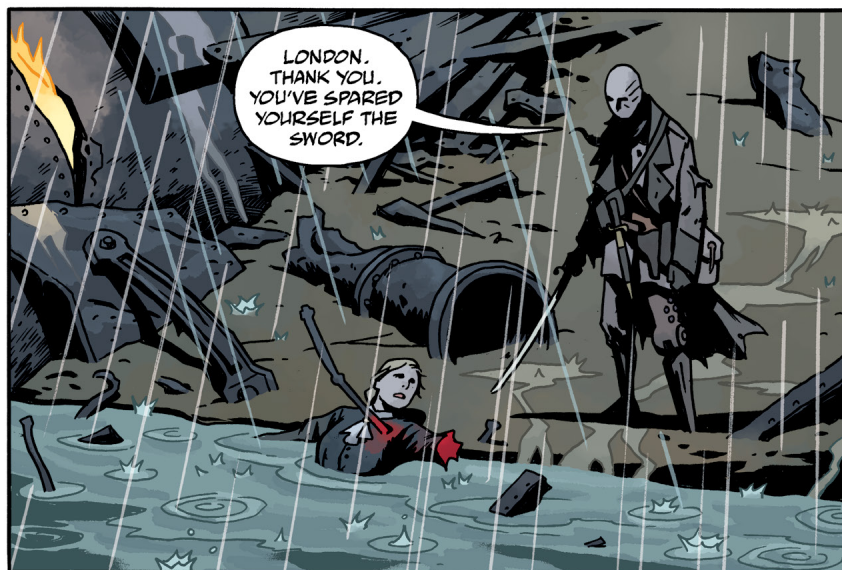




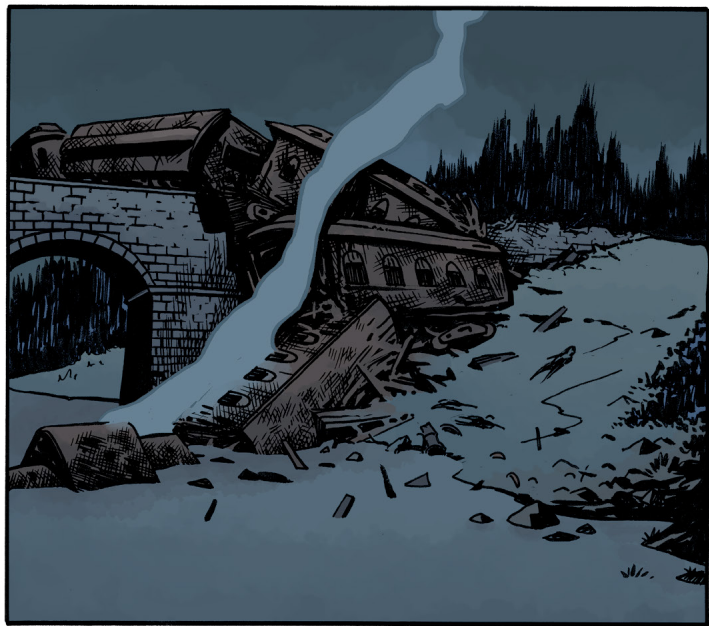
"BATTLE NOT WITH MONSTERS, LEST YE BECOME A MONSTER."*



*FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

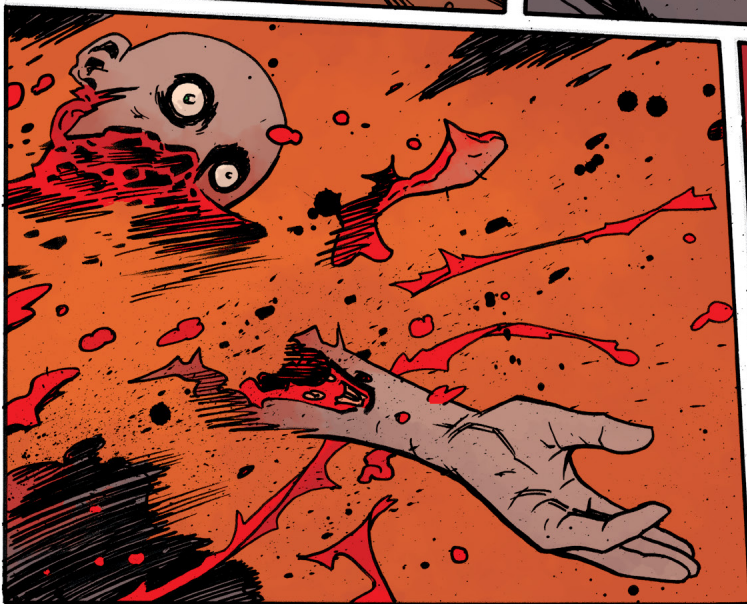














NU PUTETI
I ASCUNDE
FIARA IN
INIMA TA.



UNCLEAN.



YOU
CANNOT
HIDE YOUR
HEART,
BEAST.



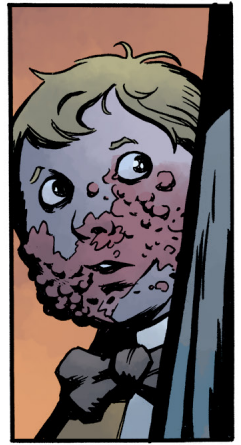
UNCLEAN.

THE
END

CHAPEL OF BONES

Chapter One



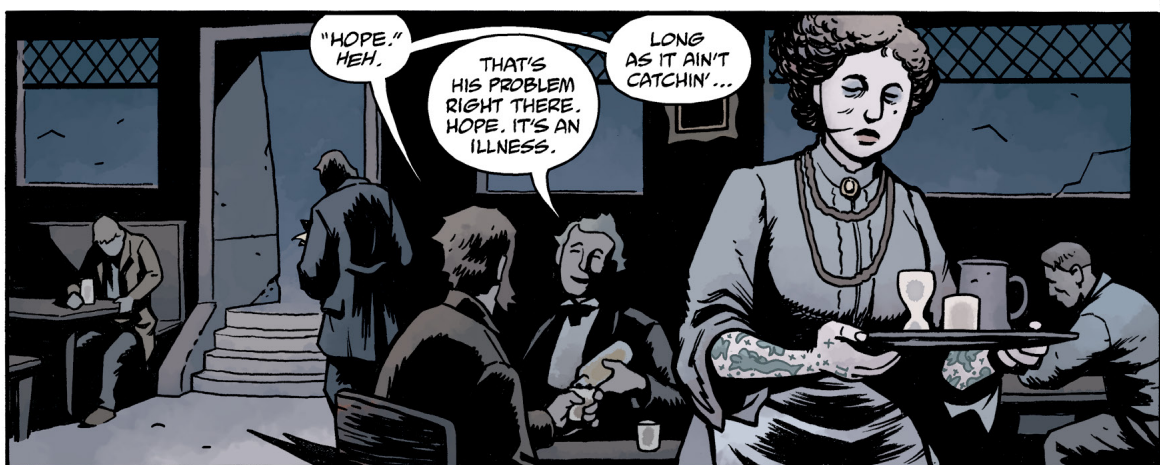




COME ON, LUV.
TELL ME YOU DIDN'T
SPEND IT **ALL** ON
DRINK. WHAT YOU'RE
ASKIN' FOR AIN'T
FREE.



DO YOU REMEMBER
THE NIGHT ELGIN
PARKE THREW HIS
POEMS IN THE FIRE?
I'D HOPED TO DO
THE SAME--BUT
ALAS, NO
FIRE.





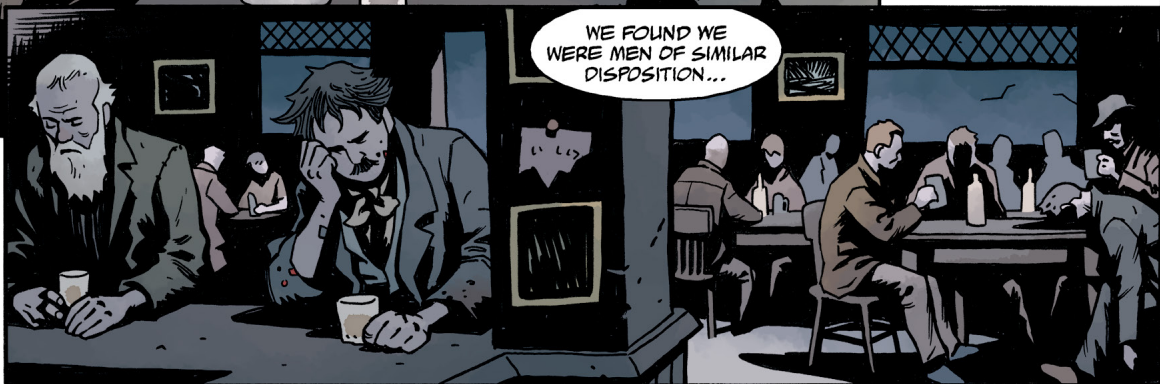
SO...
DEMETRIUS,
WAS IT? HOW DO
YOU KNOW CAPTAIN
BALTIMORE?
YOU'RE NOT A
SOLDIER.

I'M A
SAILOR. AT
THE HEIGHT
OF THE WAR,
I OFFERED
MY SHIP AND
MY SERVICES
TO THE
ALLIES.

I RAN THE
CHANNEL WITH
HER, TAKING
THE BOYS TO THE
MEAT GRINDER
AND BRINGING
HOME WHAT
WAS LEFT...



"...I CARRIED MANY
A WOUNDED MAN
HOME FROM BATTLE.
LORD BALTIMORE
WAS AMONG THEM."



WE FOUND WE
WERE MEN OF SIMILAR
DISPOSITION...



YOU KNEW HIM SHORTLY
AFTER HE'D LEFT MY
COMPANY, THEN. AFTER
I'D FINISHED WITH
HIM.

YOU
KNEW HIM
DURING THE
WAR?

OH, YES. IN
THE ARDENNES
FOREST...



I'M THE ONE
WHO TOOK
OFF HIS
LEG.







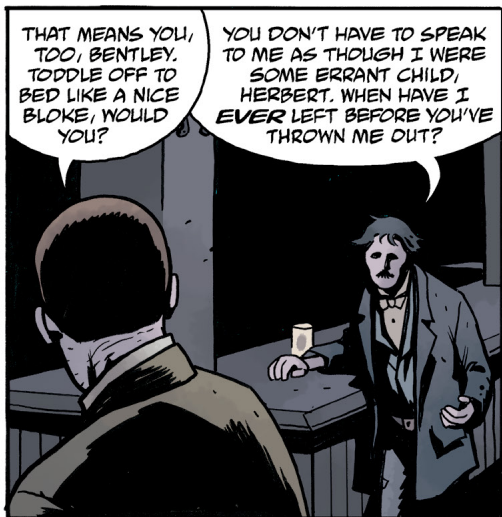




SORRY,
GENTS...



...YOU'LL
HAVE TO
SHOVE OFF
FOR THE
NIGHT.



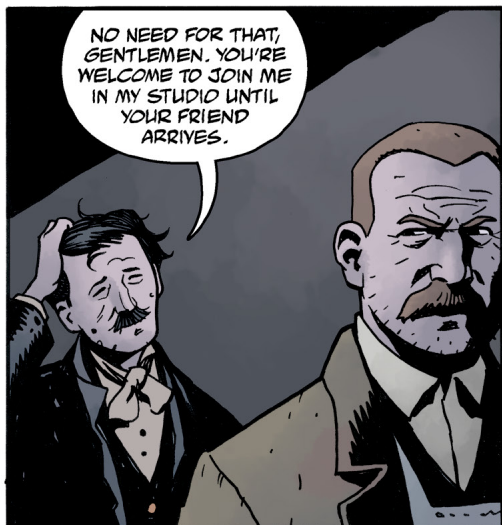
THAT MEANS YOU,
TOO, BENTLEY.
TODDLE OFF TO
BED LIKE A NICE
BLOKE, WOULD
YOU?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK
TO ME AS THOUGH I WERE
SOME ERRANT CHILD,
HERBERT. WHEN HAVE I
EVER LEFT BEFORE YOU'VE
THROWN ME OUT?



HERBERT, WAS IT? I
PRESUME YOU'VE A VACANT
ROOM TO LET, WHERE WE MIGHT
WAIT FOR A FRIEND WHO'S
MEANT TO BE MEETING
US HERE?

I SUPPOSE
I COULD
ACCOMMODATE
YOU--

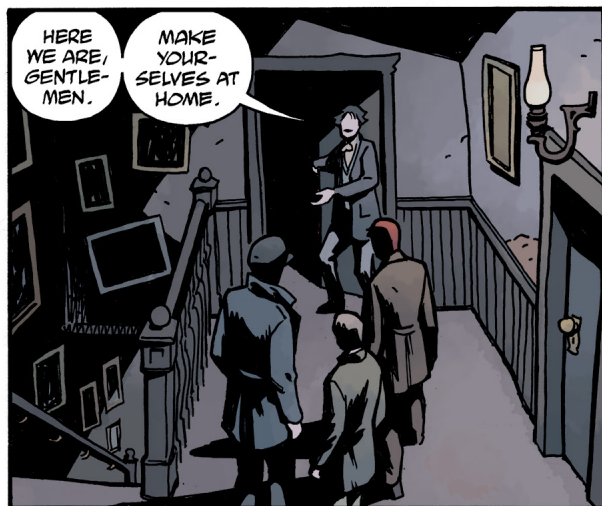
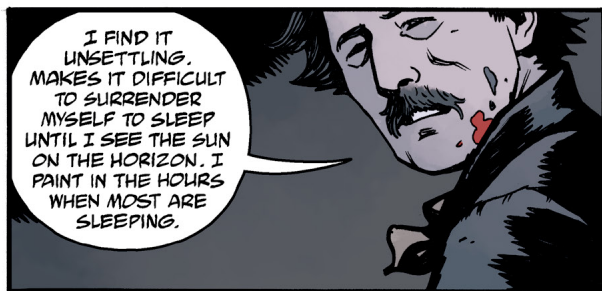


NO NEED FOR THAT,
GENTLEMEN. YOU'RE
WELCOME TO JOIN ME
IN MY STUDIO UNTIL
YOUR FRIEND
ARRIVES.



YOUR STUDIO,
SIR? YOU'RE AN
ARTIST?

PAINTER. SOME-
TIMES SCULPTOR.
I'VE HAD MY STUDIO
AND APARTMENTS
HERE FOR
YEARS.



*SEE THE NOVEL BALTIMORE, OR, THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER AND THE VAMPIRE



YOU
SEE YOUR
OWN DEMONS.
NOW LOOK
AGAIN.

WHAT IN
HELL *IS* THIS,
BENTLEY?



WHY, IT'S
MY MASTER-
PIECE!



LOOK AROUND, MY
FRIENDS. IT'S NOT
HIS PAINTING THAT
MOST TROUBLES
ME...



...IT'S HIS
SCULPTING.



I HEAR
HIS VOICE,
YOU
SEE.

MY MASTER
SPEAKS TO
ME FROM THE
MOUTHS OF THE
DEAD, IN THE
ECHO OF THEIR
BONES.



NOW WHAT
ABOUT THAT
BRANDY?



DON'T TROUBLE
YOURSELF, BENTLEY.
I THINK WE CAN
SAFELY SKIP THE
BRANDY.



ISN'T HE
PRECIOUS,
THE MAN OF
GOD?



WHY DO
YOU WALK
AMONG THE
DAMNED?



I AM
ONE OF
THEM.









I DON'T THINK THEY KNOW WHERE HE IS.

BUT THEY MUST. BRING HIM FORTH, YOU FOOLS. THE TIME HAS COME, AT LAST, FOR THE HUNTER TO FACE HIS PREY. I GROW TIRED.



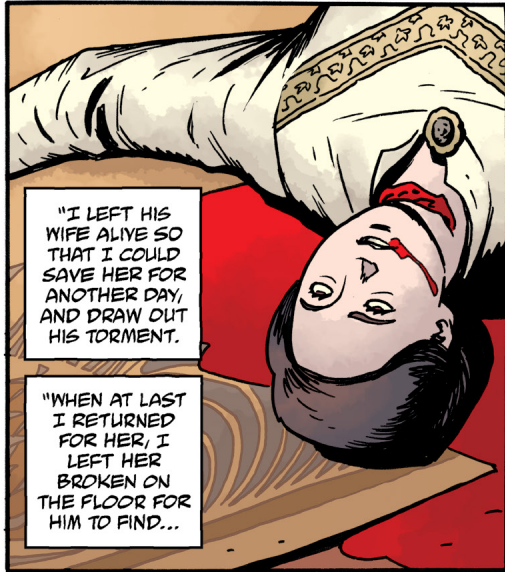
WE WERE CONTENT, YOU SEE, MY KIN AND I.

WE HAD SLIPPED INTO A BLISSFUL SIMPLICITY, SOARING UPON THE NIGHT WIND AND FEASTING ON WHATEVER CARRION WE FOUND.



"THE DAMNED SOLDIER WOKE ME WITH THE SLICE OF HIS BAYONET... WOKE US ALL... AND THE DISEASE IN OUR HEARTS WOKE WITH US."

"OH, HOW I HATED HIM FOR THAT. I SHOOK WITH PLEASURE WHEN I TASTED THE BLOOD OF HIS MOTHER, AND FATHER, AND SISTER."



"I LEFT HIS WIFE ALIVE SO THAT I COULD SAVE HER FOR ANOTHER DAY, AND DRAW OUT HIS TORMENT."

"WHEN AT LAST I RETURNED FOR HER, I LEFT HER BROKEN ON THE FLOOR FOR HIM TO FIND..."



"...AND WHEN I CALLED LADY BALTIMORE FROM HER GRAVE, I KNEW THAT WOULD DESTROY HIM."

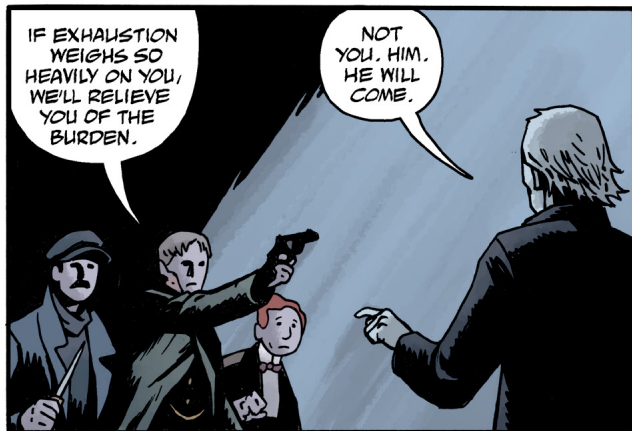


MY JOY
WAS SHORT LIVED.
I THOUGHT I HAD
DESTROYED BALTIMORE.
INSTEAD, I HAD MADE
HIM INTO SOMETHING
ELSE...SOMETHING
TERRIBLE.



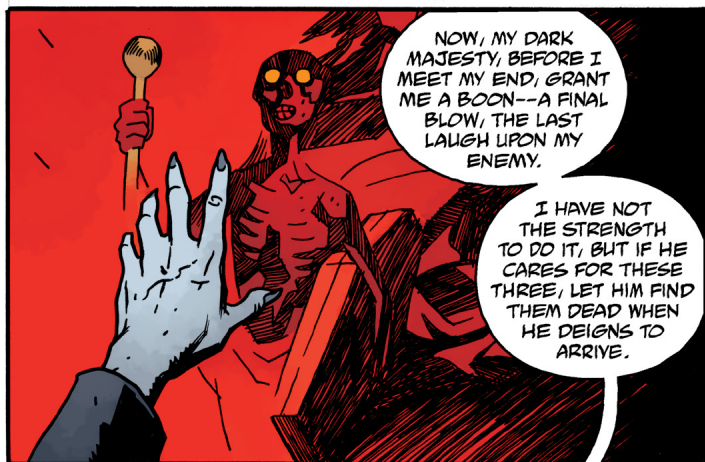
SOME OTHER
FIRE FUELS
THAT ENGINE,
NOW.

NOW
HE IS TIRE-
LESS, AND AS
YOU SEE...I
AM NOT. HE
HOUNDS
ME.



IF EXHAUSTION
WEIGHS SO
HEAVILY ON YOU,
WE'LL RELIEVE
YOU OF THE
BURDEN.

NOT
YOU. HIM.
HE WILL
COME.



NOW, MY DARK
MAJESTY, BEFORE I
MEET MY END, GRANT
ME A BOON--A FINAL
BLOW, THE LAST
LAUGH UPON MY
ENEMY.

I HAVE NOT
THE STRENGTH
TO DO IT, BUT IF HE
CARES FOR THESE
THREE, LET HIM FIND
THEM DEAD WHEN
HE DEIGNS TO
ARRIVE.



HIS
FRIENDS...



SHIKRAKK
RSST
KRAKSHH











CHAPEL OF BONES

Chapter Two







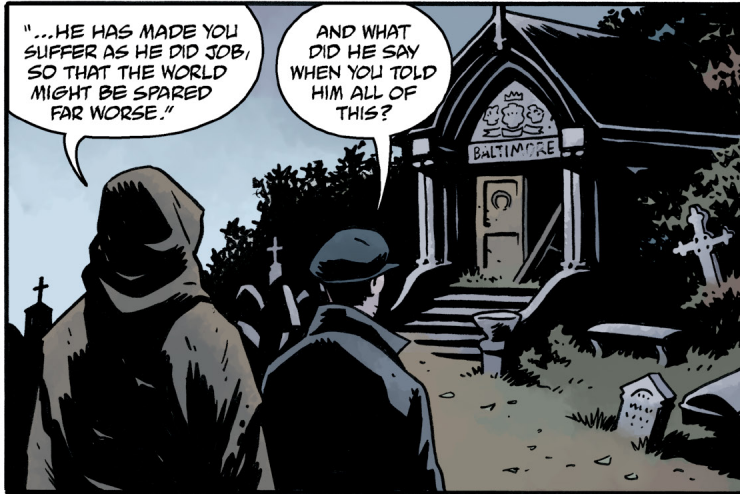


"FATE"?



I AM A MAN OF GOD, NOT A MAN OF WAR. I MAY SPREAD THE WORD, BUT THE LORD NEEDED A SOLDIER TO STOP THE RISE OF EVIL.

"YOU ARE NO LESS A WEAPON THAN YOUR BLADE," I TOLD HIM. "GOD HAS HONED YOU WITH HAMMER AND ANVIL, A BLACKSMITH AT THE FORGE..."



"...HE HAS MADE YOU SUFFER AS HE DID JOB, SO THAT THE WORLD MIGHT BE SPARED FAR WORSE."

AND WHAT DID HE SAY WHEN YOU TOLD HIM ALL OF THIS?



HE SAID THAT GOD COULD GO TO HELL.

BUT THEN HE KNELT IN THE ASHES OF HIS POOR, TAINTED WIFE IN SEARCH OF HER WEDDING RING. HE HOPED TO KEEP IT, TO REMEMBER HER INNOCENCE.



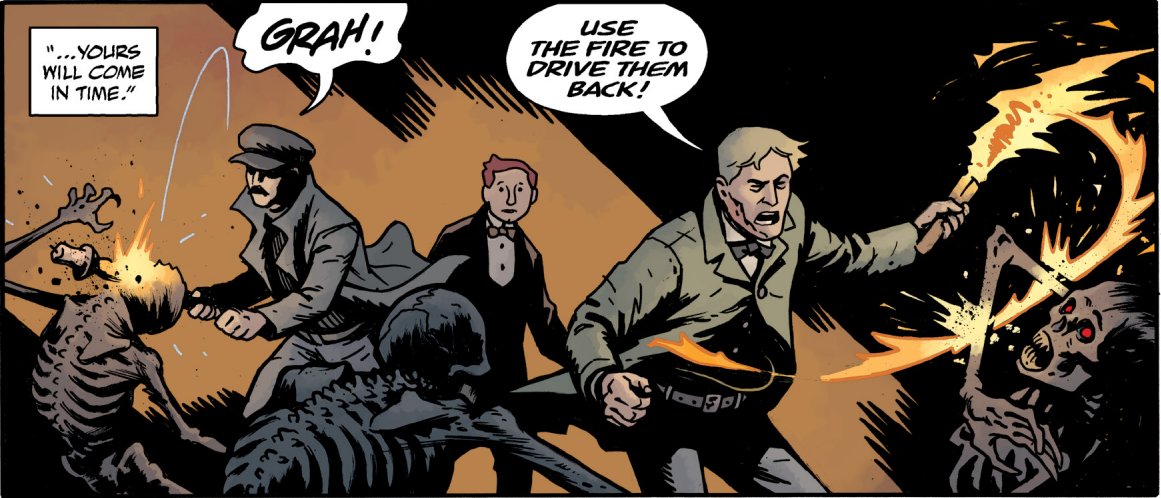
"THE RING HAD BEEN BURIED WITH HER, BUT HE FOUND NO SIGN OF IT."

"AFTER THAT, HE SWORE THAT HE WOULD NEVER REST UNTIL HE HAD SCoured THIS EVIL FROM THE WORLD."

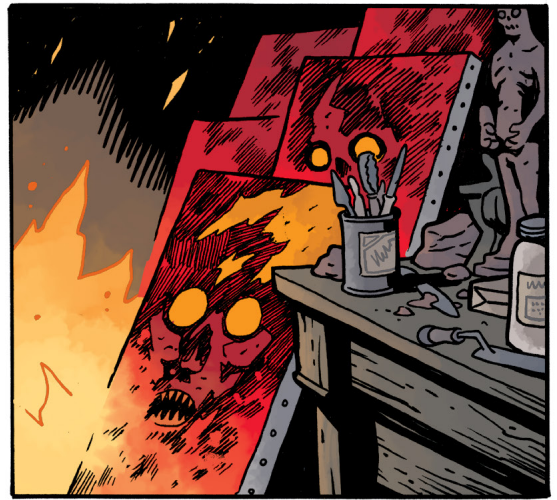


GO, NOW, CAPTAIN AISCHROS. THE SEA AWAITS.

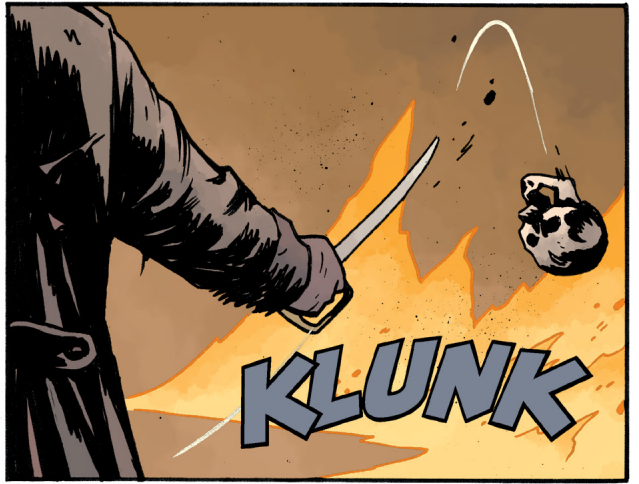
BUT REMEMBER THAT WE ALL HAVE A ROLE TO PLAY...

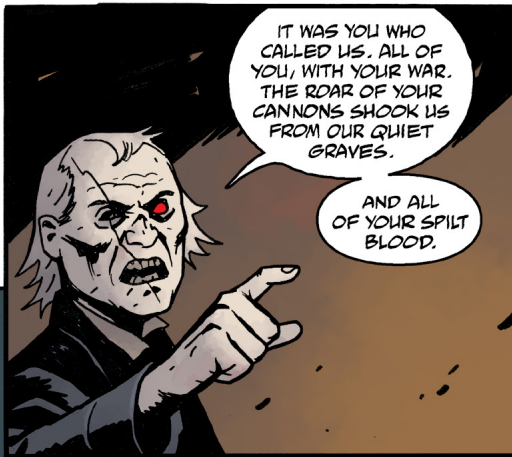














I HAVE ANOTHER
ENDING IN MIND.
IT BEGAN WITH
THE TWO OF US,
THAT NIGHT IN THE
ARDENNES--

--IT
ENDS
WITH
US AS
WELL.

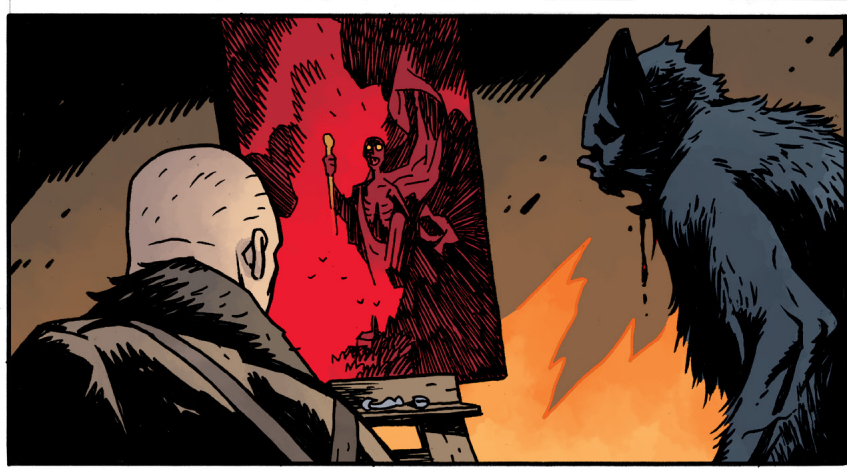


BOTH AWAKENED--BOTH
TRANSFORMED--BOTH
DESTROYED.



NOW, AT
LAST, WE
BOTH MAY
REST.

KRACK



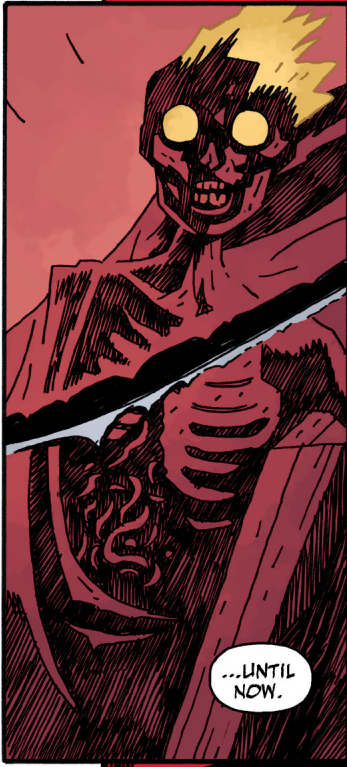


















THE SHADES THAT INFECTED YOU HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. YOU WILL NOT BE TAINTED.

THANK GOD.

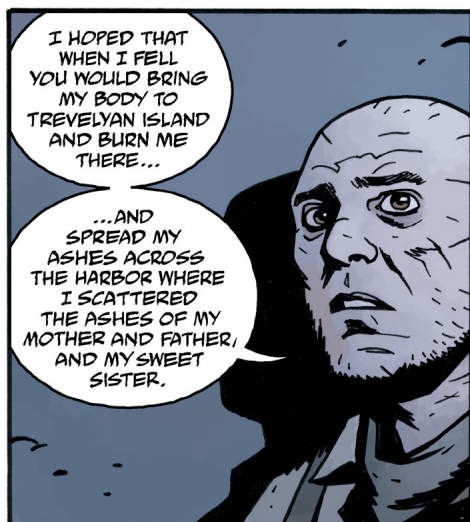


HENRY. IT'S OVER, OLD FRIEND. YOUR NIGHTMARE'S ENDED.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I HAD THOUGHT THAT WITH THE DEVIL'S DEFEAT, I WOULD FINALLY KNOW THE PEACE OF THE GRAVE. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU ALL HERE...



I HOPED THAT WHEN I FELL YOU WOULD BRING MY BODY TO TREVELYAN ISLAND AND BURN ME THERE...

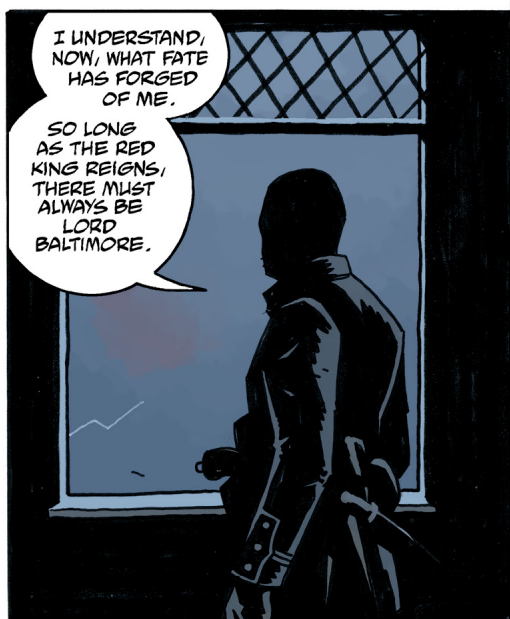
...AND SPREAD MY ASHES ACROSS THE HARBOR WHERE I SCATTERED THE ASHES OF MY MOTHER AND FATHER, AND MY SWEET SISTER.



AT LAST I WOULD BE REUNITED WITH MY DARLING WIFE, MY ELWEN.

BUT IT HAS NOT ENDED. THE VAMPIRE WAS CORRECT. IT WILL **NEVER** END. THE COLD INSIDE ME REMAINS.





"When the maid cleared out the ashes next morning she found the soldier melted into the shape of a little tin heart, but all that remained of the dancer was her spangle."

—The Steadfast Tin Soldier
Hans Christian Andersen



BRADENTON HOUSE,
NORFOLK,
ENGLAND.

FIVE
MONTHS
LATER.

I'M SORRY,
DOCTOR...

...BUT I FIND
THAT INCREDIBLY
DIFFICULT TO
BELIEVE. YOU'RE
A SURGEON, SIR.
YOU KNOW A MAN
CANNOT LIVE
WITHOUT HIS
HEART.

AND YET I
SAW IT WITH
MY OWN
EYES, MR.
HODGE.

REALLY, AFTER
EVERYTHING
YOU'VE SEEN, CAN
YOU CONFIDENTLY
LABEL ANYTHING
IMPOSSIBLE?

YOU
SHOULDN'T
NEED PROOF,
BUT IF YOU
DO...

...HERE
IT IS.



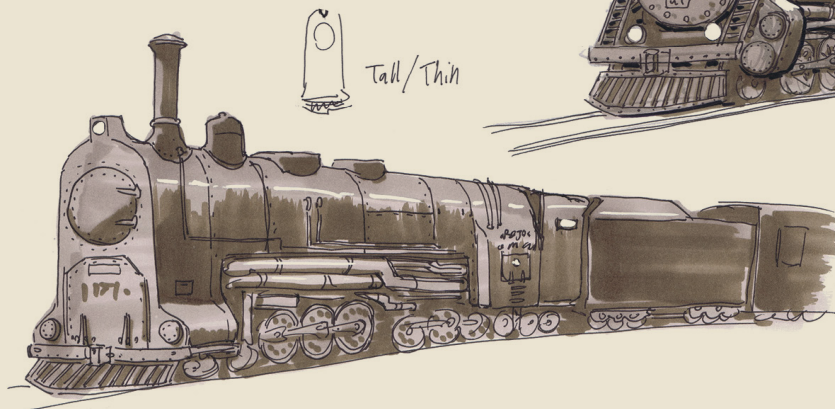
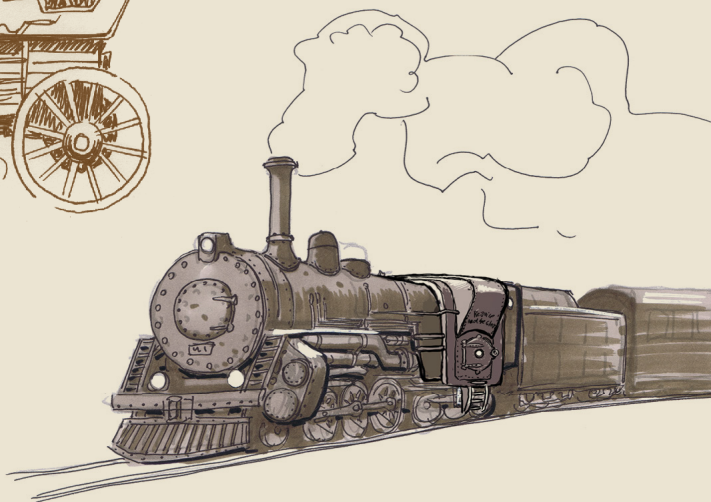
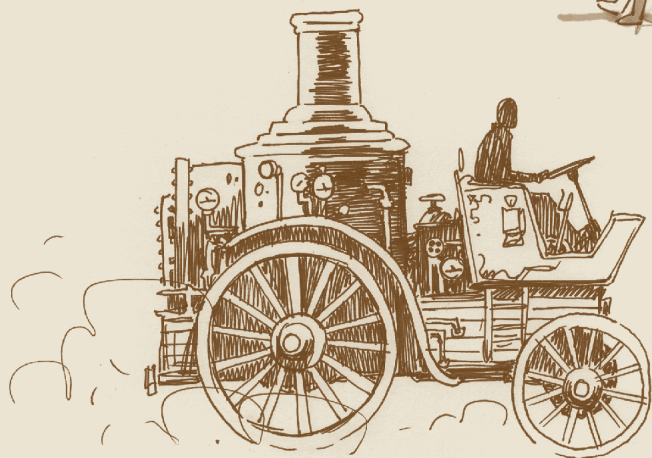
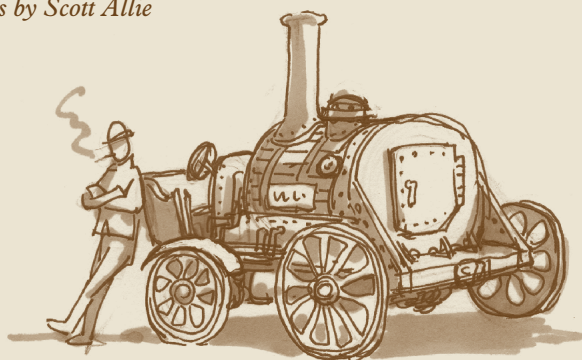
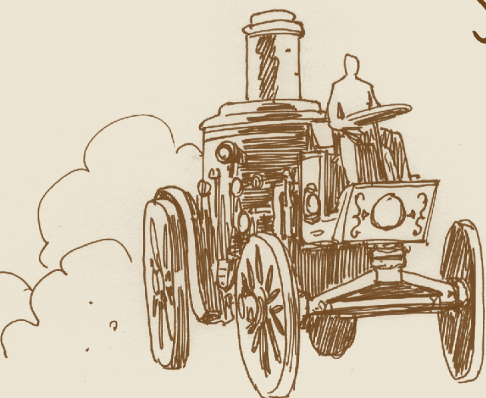
THE
END

BALTIMORETM

CHAPEL OF BONES

SKETCHBOOK

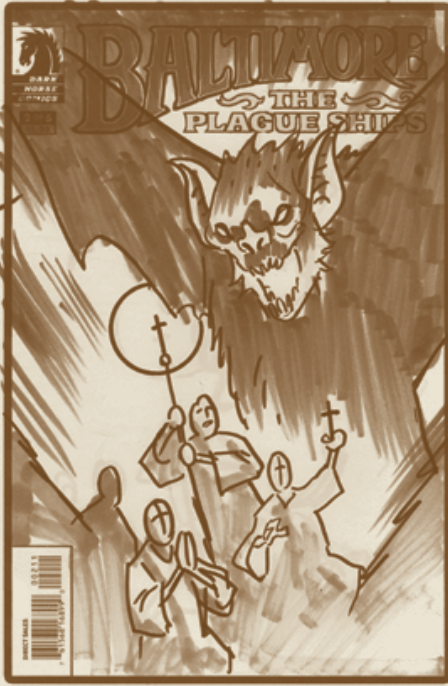
Notes by Scott Allie



Tall/Thin

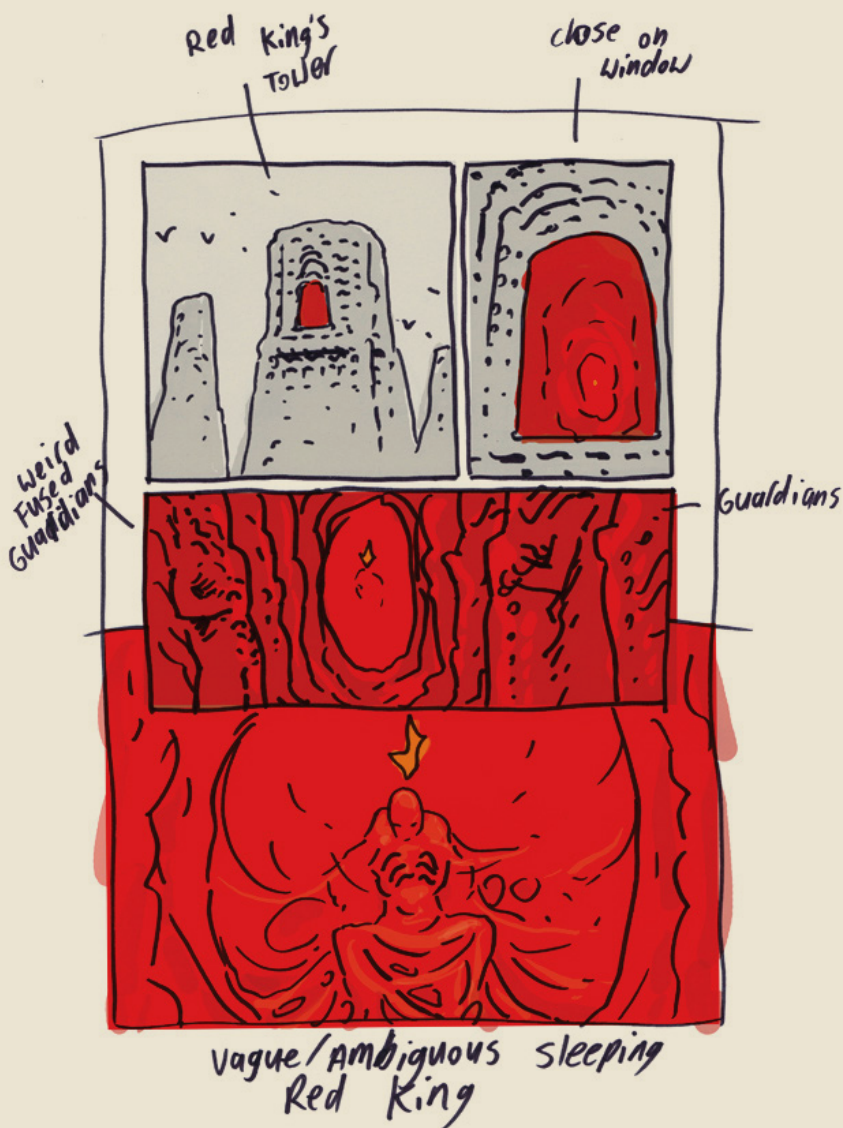


Studies for vehicles (facing) and Ben's pencils for the *Infernal Train* #1 cover.



Sketches for the *Infernal Train* #3 cover (top and lower left);
the revised sketch (lower right); and the final pencils (facing).

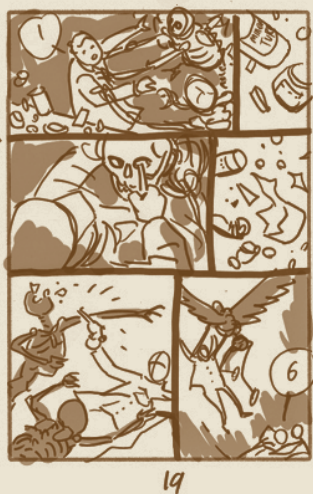




During one of Fulcanelli's speeches in *The Infernal Train*, Ben wanted to show the Red King sleeping in his limbo world. He drew this before the issue was written. As Ben says, "Then Chris wrote it differently. And then I drew it different to that. But this is where it started."

Facing: Ben's design for Duvic as a werewolf.





Ben's layouts for the end of
Chapel of Bones Part 1.

Facing: Illustration by
Sebastián Fiumara (for fun).







Mignola's sketches for the *Baltimore* novel, many of which provided the basis for the comics.

Facing: These sketches were for two different drawings of the Red King. One, early in the novel, was a vision that a monk described to Aischros. Later in the novel the artist, Bentley, has painted a similar image, which Ben copied for *Chapel of Bones*.



28 (p 32) 33w34



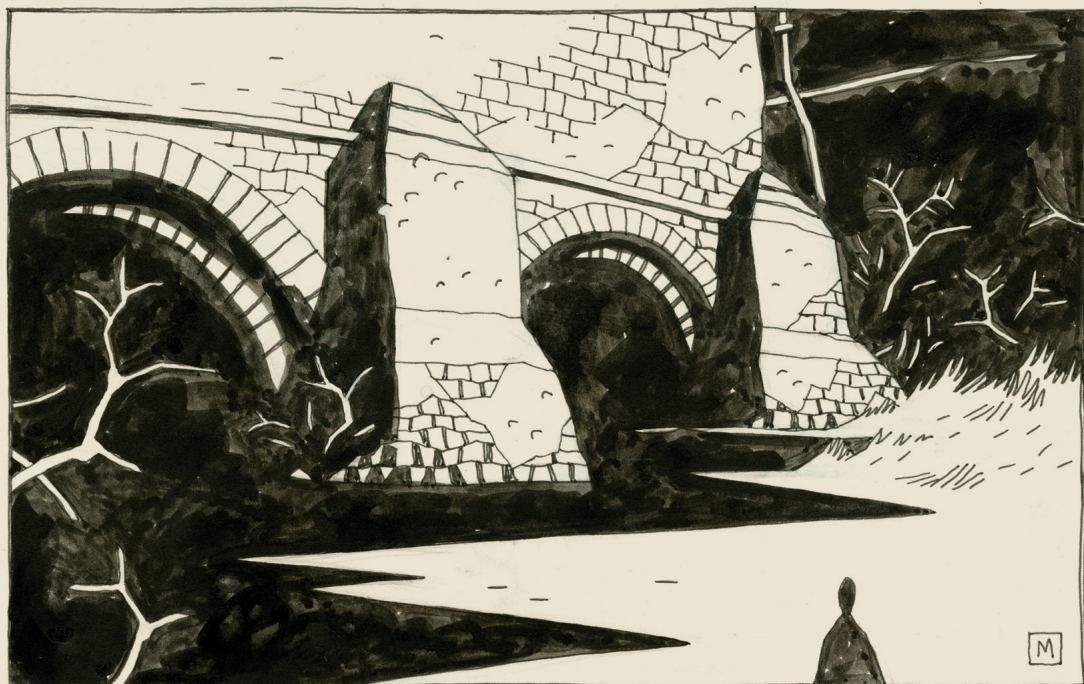
34v35
29 (p 32)



Bentley 236w237
135 (p 246)

Mike's drawings, from the novel, of Childress, Rose, and (from a sketch on the preceding page) Bentley.

Facing: Ben based his drawing of Baltimore's approach to London in the comic (bottom) on Mike's drawing of Aischros approaching (top) in the novel.



MIGNOA

Entrance into city 27 - Bottom half of page
71 (927)

92 #71





BALTIMORE COVER SKETCH

Mike's sketches for the cover of this collection.

MIKE MIGNOLA's fascination with ghosts and monsters began at an early age; reading *Dracula* at age twelve introduced him to Victorian literature and folklore, from which he has never recovered. Starting in 1982 as a bad inker for Marvel Comics, he swiftly evolved into a not-so-bad artist. By the late 1980s, he had begun to develop his own unique graphic style, with mainstream projects like *Cosmic Odyssey* and *Batman: Gotham by Gaslight*. In 1994, he published the first *Hellboy* series through Dark Horse. As of this writing there are sixteen *Hellboy* graphic novels (with more on the way), several spinoff titles (*B.P.R.D.*, *Lobster Johnson*, *Abe Sapien*, and *Sir Edward Grey: Witchfinder*), prose books, animated films, and two live-action films starring Ron Perlman. Along the way he worked on Francis Ford Coppola's film *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992), was a production designer for Disney's *Atlantis: The Lost Empire* (2001), and was the visual consultant to director Guillermo del Toro on *Blade II* (2002), *Hellboy* (2004), and *Hellboy II: The Golden Army* (2008). Mike's books have earned numerous awards and are published in a great many countries. Mike lives somewhere in southern California with his wife, daughter, and cat.

CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN is the author of such novels as *Of Saints and Shadows*, *The Myth Hunters*, *The Boys Are Back in Town*, and *Strangerwood*. He has also written books for teens and young adults, including *When Rose Wakes*, *Soulless*, *Poison Ink*, and *The Secret Journeys of Jack London*, coauthored with Tim Lebbon. His other work with Mike Mignola includes the novel *Baltimore; or, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire*. Golden was born and raised in Massachusetts, where he still lives with his family. His original novels have been published in more than fourteen languages in countries around the world. Please visit him at ChristopherGolden.com.

BEN STENBECK discovered his joy of comics after he found a copy of *2000 AD* when he was six years old. He has worked as an illustrator and designer on everything from films to comics and games, with a lot of commercial illustration work in between. He has worked on several titles for Dark Horse Comics, including *Living with the Dead*, *Witchfinder: In the Service of Angels*, and *B.P.R.D.: The Ectoplasmic Man*. He lives in Auckland, New Zealand, with his wife and two sons and three horses.

*“All the attention to detail that is expected
from the creator of Hellboy.”*

—Fangoria



“Golden and Mignola have woven an intense tale where the selfish drive for vengeance is set above everything else. I am simply blown away by the twists this book has. Baltimore thought his cursed existence has made him into some kind of monster . . . turns out he is right.” —Bloody Disgusting

“It begins here; it ends here. With this volume, Captain Henry Baltimore resolves (for a second time) his quest to avenge his personal loss while confronting the plague of vampirism sweeping the Continent at its source, the bloodsucker Haigus. How that resolution plays out, I leave to you to discover in the pages that follow.” —Stephen R. Bissette, from his introduction



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